

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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HON. JAMES M. MASON, U. S. S. FROM VIRGINIA.
SENATOR MASON is justly entitled to the claim of being a representative of one of the first families in Virginia; first not only in point of time so far as the early settlement of the State is concerned, but first also from the high position his ancestors have ever held both socially and politically in the State. His first ancestor was George Mason, who was a member of Parliament and an officer in the royal army, defeated at Worcester in 1651 by Cromwell. Soon after this memorable event Col. Mason migrated to Virginia, and afterwards established a plantation in

Westmoreland county, on the banks of the Potomac river, where his lineal descendants for more than two centuries have lived. It is an interesting fact that the old Pohick church, in which Washington when at Mount Vernon attended divine worship, has still existing upon some of its pews the names of the contemporaries of Washington, and among them we find that of George Mason, at the time one of the most prominent members of the church, and one of the most influential citizens of the country round. In the year 1764 the old church had fallen into decay, and it was resolved to build a new one. The location of the new building became a matter of considerable excitement in the parish, some contending for the site where the remains of the old edifice were standing, while others desired a place nearer the centre of the parish; among the latter was Washington. A meeting was called to settle the question. George Mason led the party favorable to the old site, and in its defence made an eloquent harangue, conjuring the people not to desert the spot consecrated by the bones of their ancestors.

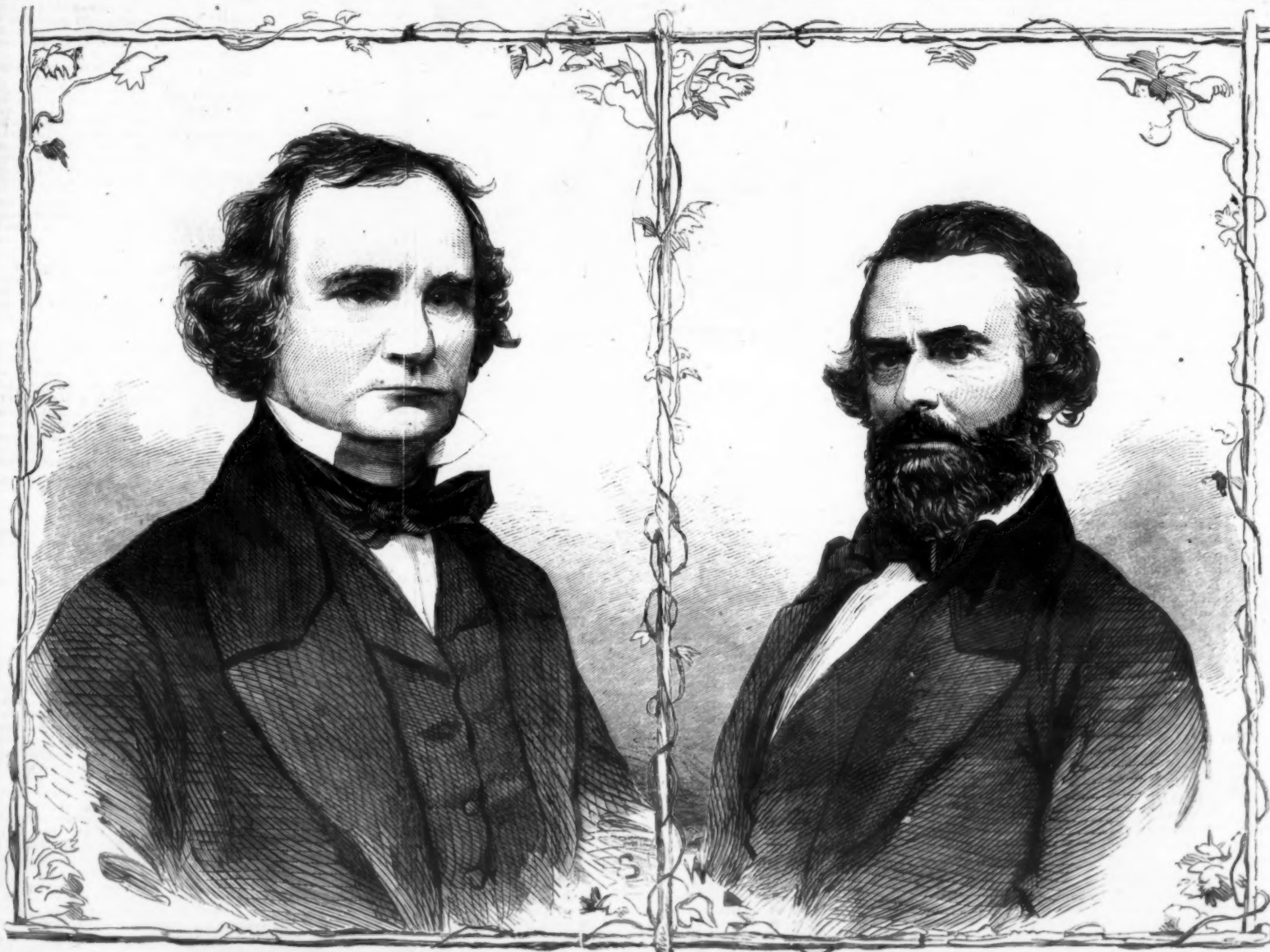
This simple anecdote displays the spirit of the Masons, and shows that the ancestors of the royalist colonel, who distinguished himself at Worcester, has been retained through every generation, and that James M. Mason, the present Senator in Congress, inherits his eloquence and his public spirit.

Mr. Mason was born on the 3d of November, 1798, on Annapolis Island, at the time a part of the county of Fairfax. He was educated in the primary schools of the day that existed in George-

town, which was then the principal residence of the member of Congress. Association with the patriots of the Revolution, who formed the mass of the members at that early day, afforded the greatest possible advantage for the education of a future statesman, and no doubt inspired young Mason with the ambition to distinguish himself in the national councils. In the year 1818 he graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and at once commenced the study of law at William and Mary's College, Virginia, and received his diploma while in the office of Benjamin Watkins Leigh, and commenced the practice in Winchester, meeting from the commencement with signal success.

His abilities were soon appreciated by his fellow-citizens, and in 1826 he was elected a member of the House of Delegates, and served three sessions; he was also chosen a member of the Convention which assembled in 1829 to revise the Constitution of Virginia. In the year 1837 he was elected to Congress, and although serving but one term (refusing a re-election), he stamped himself upon his compeers as a logical debater, and as an unflinching disciple of the prominent statesmen of the past generation. In January, 1847, he was elected to a seat in the United States Senate; he was re-elected in 1849, and again in 1855. As a Senator he has always maintained a high position, being acknowledged a leader in all the great measures advocated by his party.

As Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, he has unquestionably had a controlling influence in shaping the



HON. JAMES M. MASON, U. S. SENATOR FROM VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITEHURST.

HON. THOS. L. HARRIS, REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS FROM ILLINOIS.—PHOT. BY WHITEHURST.

administration of our Government in its difficult relations with foreign countries. The history of our foreign relations for years past displays the fact that Mr. Mason is eminently conservative in his feelings, and while he has been unwilling to submit to any injustice, he has also discouraged the spirit of lawlessness which has displayed itself among large parties of our fellow citizens.

Mr. Mason possesses a commanding and well-formed person, a fine head, with a face lit up by a keen, expressive eye. His manners combine the statesman of the preceding generation with the more familiar carriage of the present day. While his carriage is courtly, there is nothing cold or stiff in his intercourse; on the contrary, his genial manners make him beloved among a large circle of relatives and friends.

THE HON. T. L. HARRIS, M. C. FROM ILLINOIS.

THE HON. THOS. L. HARRIS, of the sixth Congressional District of Illinois, is a native of New England, and is as truly a representative of the Puritan stock as Mr. Mason is of the Cavaliers. He is a man that has always been remarkable for his untiring energy and perseverance. Some years since he removed to the West, and soon attracted attention, and commanded respect by his talents. Mr. Harris claims nothing on the score of ancestral wealth, but his highest pride arises from the self-won nobility of being a self-made man. Strictly attentive to business, and with no ambition to be known, except as a faithful servant in behalf of his constituents, his reputation would probably remain local but for the attention which has grown out of the "Kansas excitement." When that measure was brought in a practical shape before the House; the motion to refer the Lecompton Constitution and accompanying documents to the Territorial Committee was lost by one vote, when there came up the question of amendment introduced by Mr. Harris, which was moved as a substitute for the regular reference. His resolution was as follows:

Resolved, That the message of the President, enclosing the constitution framed at Lecompton, in the Territory of Kansas, by a convention of delegates thereof, and the papers accompanying the same, be referred to a select committee of fifteen, to be appointed by the Speaker, and that said committee be instructed to inquire into all the facts connected with the formation of said constitution and the laws under which the same was originated, and into all such facts and proceedings as have transpired since the formation of said constitution, having relation to the question of the propriety of the admission of said Territory into the Union under said constitution, and whether the same is acceptable and satisfactory to a majority of the legal voters of Kansas, and that said committee have power to send for persons and papers.

On the assembling of the House on Monday, Feb. 8th, according to the armistice which closed the long sitting of Friday, Friday night and Saturday morning previous, the business of voting was commenced without the further interposition of time killing "or dilatory motions." There was the regular motion to refer to the Committee on Territories, and the substitute motion of the foregoing resolution. The previous question was ordered by a vote of 113 to 107, which brought the main question up on the regular motion of reference. This was lost by the close vote of 103 to 114. A change of a single vote would have given the victory to the administration party, and would have virtually settled the controversy in favor of the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton programme.

The regular motion, however, being lost, the question recurred upon the substitute motion of the above resolution—which, amid the most intense excitement that has ever prevailed in the House, was carried by three majorities, 225 members voting, only nine being absent.

Speaker Orr announced the Committee, which was composed of seven Administration Democrats, two anti-Lecompton Democrats, five Republicans, and one Know-nothing, Mr. Harris being the chairman.

On Wednesday, March 3d, this Select Committee reported the views of the majority, which was read by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia. It supported the legality of the Lecompton Constitution, and charged the positions of Messrs. Walker and Stanton with inconsistency, thus apparently stultifying the object which Mr. Harris had in view, viz., bringing the testimony of the ex-Governor of Kansas and others, officially before the country. On Wednesday, March 10th, Mr. Stephens announced that he should take the responsibility of printing the majority report. In reply to this, Mr. Harris rose to a question of privilege. He said, in justice to himself and six other members, he desired to explain why the Committee had failed to execute orders of the House. The Speaker decided that it was not a question of privilege, and Mr. Harris appealed, Mr. Stephens moving to lay the appeal on the table. This the House refused to do by fifteen majority. On the 12th of March, the pending question on the appeal of Mr. Harris came up. Mr. Harris argued that the Speaker was in error when he assumed that the minority of the Committee desired to make a report. They merely proposed to produce facts to sustain their action, and prove that the majority had disobeyed the order of the House. Mr. Stephens replied to Mr. Harris. He said no precedent for the course pursued by Mr. Harris could be found in the records of the English Parliament or any other legislative body. The question whether remissness was one of privilege was the one to be decided. He said it was not. That movement he (Mr. Stephens) considered the most important ever made in Congress, being revolutionary in its character. Mr. Stephens professed his ability to show that the Committee had examined every material fact in the Kansas case. Mr. English inquired how the House was to know whether or not the Committee had fulfilled its duty, as Mr. Harris and Mr. Stephens contradicted each other on this point, and recommended that each branch of the Committee should put in its papers. After considerable debate, Mr. Harris inquired of Mr. Stephens whether objections would be made hereafter to a minority report, and was answered that there would not be, when Mr. Harris withdrew his appeal.

The minority report expected from Mr. Harris is looked for with interest, but a sudden attack of sickness has brought him death's door, and for many days past his room has been denied to his most intimate friends.

MARGUERITE;

OR,

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

A Tale of the Mexican War.

By Marion Hudson.

CHAPTER I.—THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

"THANK Heaven!" exclaimed a soldier, as he landed on the Battery one afternoon in May, 1852, from a Central American steamer. "Thank Heaven, again I tread my own glorious land! How will my dear wife and boy rejoice to see me after so many perils! I must be cautious, lest the suddenness of the rupture kill her. But I have a weary walk yet; five miles are no joke to one hardly recovered from wounds and sickness, and not a cent in my pocket! I must therefore walk, or beg! But the thought of my home will lend me vigor!"

The person who spoke these words was a man of about thirty, although the emaciation of his form and the evident traces of suffering on his face gave him a much older appearance. He was dressed in a military uniform considerably the worse for wear, and his shoes

were all but worn off his feet. Yet he had been one of the heroes of the Mexican campaigns—a war which called the attention of Europe to our military genius and valor. Three years previous to the opening of our story he had quitted an adoring and beautiful wife and child, the only offspring of their marriage, as Colonel of the New York Volunteers, and had been so seriously wounded in the very first action, that he was reported as "killed." Having fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, he was sent into the interior of the country, and had been retained in captivity till about one month before the present time, when he succeeded in making his escape. He had begged a passage in one of the Vanderbilt steamers, and was landed the day our narrative commences, without a cent in his pocket. He had still nearly five miles to walk, as the home where he had left his wife and child three years previous was a detached cottage near Jones' Wood, on the banks of the East River.

The exhilaration of being so near all that was dear to him lent a fictitious vigor to his steps, and he had reached a little lane near Turtle Bay, about a mile from his old home, when he found his strength so rapidly giving way that he resolved to rest for a short time on a bank to recruit. He also felt an almost irresistible desire to learn some tidings of those so precious to him, before he actually went into their presence. A thousand fears and forebodings came over him; they might be dead, or have left the neighborhood; grief might have killed his idolized wife, and neglect his boy. His heart beat at his breast, like an imprisoned bird, and the thought fell on him, like a mantle of darkness and gloom, that he might have travelled all these weary miles to find a desolated home and two mournful graves! Till this very minute, when thus, as it were, within the grasp of certainty, this suspicion had never crossed his mind.

The horror and agitation of his feelings were too much for his worn-out and wearied frame, and it was only by the sternest effort of his soldier's will that he retained his consciousness. After a short pause, the whisperer Hope came to his aid; the dread presentiment faded like a mist from his heart, and with that quick revulsion of feeling so common in these sudden and profound depressions of spirit, he already seemed to hold his incomparable wife in his arms, who sobbed on his breast her gratitude to God and her unchangeable love to her restored husband.

Nor were these anticipations unwarranted. Their marriage had been one of sympathetic tastes, and never had woman more devotedly loved her husband than had Marguerite de Peyserlind the chosen of her heart. At once of the most amiable principles, she combined with them an angelic gentleness. During the six years of their marriage, never had a frown crossed either's brow; morally and intellectually, they were united in the most tender relations.

If one principle existed in Eugene Morrell stranger than love for his admirable wife, it was a sense of honor; it was this that had torn him from his happy home, and transported him to the arid plains of Mexico. How few of that indomitable band, for ever immortal under the name of the New York Volunteers, returned to their native land, is known to all, and the neglect this heroic remnant has received is as disgraceful a page in our history as the deeds of the veterans are glorious.

As Eugene sat upon the wayside, in the fast falling gloom, memory flew back to the time when he had played upon this very spot as a happy boy, and here he had wandered with his Marguerite as a still happier man. He was about rousing himself from these reveries, when he observed a man approach him; he was evidently a mechanic returning home from his labor.

"Happy fellow!" ejaculated Eugene; "he has a home, no doubt, where all is prepared for his approach; while as for me, who can tell but that I may find my own adored wife in her grave, for death is the only foe I have! I know my Marguerite's heart too well to doubt her fidelity; no, if she lives, she is at this minute mourning my absence, and awaiting with a hope-sick soul my return! How anxiously must she count the hours! how often clasp our boy to her heart, and bedew his innocent face with her tears! I can fancy her saying, 'A little patience, my child, and your dear father will be restored to us!' Alas, I yet fear that grief has sent her to her grave!"

When the man came close to where Eugene was, the latter rose and resolved to see if he could ascertain any tidings of his wife and child, since being persons of considerable eminence in the neighborhood, they could not fail to be known so near their residence.

"Good evening, friend," said Eugene.

The other returned his greeting in a kind, cheerful manner, adding, "You are an old soldier, I see!"

"Not a very old one," replied Eugene. "Without thirty is considered old, but I have suffered so much in the last three years that I don't know myself when I look into the glass!"

"You have been in Mexico, I take it?" returned the other.

"Yes," returned Eugene, "I have just returned from those cruel villains, the Mexicans, without a cent!"

"Ah!" returned the mechanic—"then I can tell you who will welcome you like a sister. Do you see that large house at a little distance, near the shot-tower?"

"With the trees around it, and the vane on the top?"

"That's the one," replied his companion. "Now the lady who lives there is the best woman in the world. She has a great liking to all the soldiers who have been in the late war—for you see her husband was the very first officer that fell! I forget the name of the battle—but it was the first!"

"Her name!" almost gasped the soldier, "her name! Great God! can it be so? Yet no—that mansion is far too splendid for our fortune!"

"Her name," returned the mechanic, "is Haldimar!"

"Haldimar!" said Eugene, in a musing tone; "I do not recollect any officer of that name, and I know pretty near all; and had he been killed I must have heard of it."

"I'm sure I'm right," said the other; "her husband was killed in the very opening battle."

"And his name was Haldimar?"

"Not so," quickly replied the mechanic; "Mr. Haldimar isn't dead—at all events he wasn't this morning, for I saw him; it was her first husband who was killed."

"Ah!" sighed Eugene, "I knew him well—it was poor General Stuyvesant!"

"No, that wasn't his name, besides he wasn't a general. Plague take it—I know the name as well as though it were my own, and now to save my life I could not remember it!"

"And so she married again!—so much for a woman's constancy! Whoever the poor officer was his wife could not have wept his fate!" returned Eugene, with a mournful pity. "Dear Marguerite, how different would have been your conduct had you heard of my fate!"

"What name did you say?" inquired the man.

"Marguerite," replied Eugene.

"Why, that's odd—Mrs. Haldimar's name is Marguerite!"

"Should you remember the name of her husband if I were to speak it?" almost shrieked the soldier.

"To be sure I should; it is even now at my tongue's tip, but I can't catch it."

"Was it—was it Morrell?" agonizingly asked Eugene.

"That's it—Colonel Morrell!" joyfully returned the other.

"God in Heaven, can it be! And Marguerite Morrell has married again!"

"She has—but what ails you?"

"Nothing—but—how the trees spin round—Heaven, let me die!"

And as he said these words, the unhappy Eugene Morrell fell as though dead to the earth!

CHAPTER II.—THE BREAKFAST-ROOM.

The morning after the events related in the last chapter, a lady was sitting in a breakfast-room of the mansion pointed out to our hero, as the abode of Mr. Haldimar. The apartment was characterized by a luxurious taste and simplicity, emblematical of a refined mind. It opened upon a lawn and garden, which had been cultivated with a finished taste rarely exhibited in our country, and filled with the finest shrubs and flowers. The morning was warm and bright, and all Nature seemed a jubilee.

On the table were spread the preparations for breakfast; there were three vases of flowers placed at equal distances, as though intended as special offerings to the partakers of the meal.

Seated near the table, as though awaiting the coming of others, sat a lady, dressed in a style of such careful simplicity, that the eye

was at once fascinated by the taste she displayed. With the exception of a cross of black, suspended by a gold chain, and one ring on her finger, there was a total absence of all ornament on her person, excepting a white rose, which adorned her hair. There was a quiet, subdued demeanor about her, which cast melancholy around her. She sat as though she had lost the invigorating hope that lends life so sweet and fresh a charm. She seemed merely waiting for those silent wings, the years, to bear her to a tomb already occupied by her heart! Her beauty was almost angelic. Ever and anon she looked at the charming prospect before her, and an occasional half-suppressed sigh revealed the sadness of her meditations.

The lady thus introduced to our readers was at once the wife of Colonel Morrell and Mr. Haldimar, one of the most noble-minded men of the day.

Firmly convinced that her husband had perished in Mexico, and robbed by the heir-at-law and a villainous attorney of his estate, she had been persuaded to marry Mr. Haldimar. To this step she had been impelled by her love for her little Eugene, a fine boy approaching his sixth year, and by her dislike of being a pensioner on the cold charity of the scoundrel who had robbed her of her husband's estate.

During the seven months of her second union, the delicate and increasing attentions, at once tender and respectful, of Haldimar, had made her regard him with an admiring veneration rather than affection. His devoted attachment for her child, so touching to a true mother's heart, had also exercised a most powerful influence in opening her soul towards her second husband, although, at the same time, she felt that a century of such attentions never could awaken in her those sensations which a pure-minded woman can only feel once in her existence. This maidenhood of the heart can never be bestowed twice. The true spirit lives but once, and once only—but that is for life—and however unworthy the possessor may prove, that feeling can never altogether cease to hang around its first hero.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, but the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

Notwithstanding the manifold virtues of Mr. Haldimar, the struggle had been a long and painful one, for the supposed widow of Colonel Morrell would have died ere she breathed again the marriage vows, but for the duty she owed her child, who was the image of her beloved Eugene. This made her the victim of a principle stronger than even love, and compelled her to sacrifice her personal feelings and wifely devotion. She thus immolated herself to his welfare, and triumphed over that holiest of all things—fidelity to the dead. Truly she felt her heart was buried in her Eugene's grave, although she stood, a young bride for the second time, at the altar.

Haldimar, who had met her frequently before her first marriage, had been deeply impressed with her beauty and accomplishments, but the crowning charm in his eyes was the nobility of her character. Since her marriage he had never even seen her, and thus his very name was unknown to Colonel Morrell. Possessed of a calm nature and lofty intellect, perfect master of himself, he valued all the more the gentle qualities of the female heart; and the numerous charities and unostentatious acts of goodness that met him at every step, whenever he trod in the path of Marguerite, had given her, in his eyes, almost the aspect of a saint. When he heard of the villainy of her husband's younger brother, who ought to have been a protector instead of a robber, his indignation and sympathy induced him to call on her, to offer his advice and aid. This interview led to another, and when turned by her inhuman relative out of her home, Mr. Haldimar immediately quitted his own splendid mansion, placed it at the disposal of the almost destitute widow, and commissioned a female friend to offer her his hand. The urgent solicitation of this lady prevailed, and the supposed widow of Colonel Morrell became the wife of Walter Haldimar the millionaire.

Devoted as she was to the memory of her first husband, she would have had little of the woman's tenderness in her soul had she remained insensible to the attentions of Haldimar. Immediately after his marriage he had adopted the little Eugene as his heir, and settled his fortune and estate upon Marguerite and her child. His ceaseless exertions to anticipate her wishes, to cheer her melancholy, but, above all, the deep respect he professed for the slain hero, were fast creating in her woman's bosom a feeling so powerful that at times it wounded her sense of duty, as though her growing affection for Haldimar was treason to the dead. A magnificent monument which he had caused to be erected to the memory of Colonel Morrell, on his supposed patriotic death, had also its full effect on the woman's grateful heart. Indeed, for hours they would both sit, with little Eugene on Haldimar's knee, discoursing of him whom they both firmly believed was a dweller in the tomb.

As Marguerite on this bright balmy morning was sitting looking out on the lawn before the window, she heard the sound of voices and the tramp of a horse's feet. In another instant Haldimar rode in sight, with her little Eugene placed before him on the saddle, returning from his usual morning ride. The arm of the stepfather was round her waist, and as she caught the benevolent smile of the lady as he gazed upon her cherished treasure, an overpowering sentiment of gratitude for her generous protector sprang up in her heart, and she turned instinctively to look at his portrait, which occupied the place of honor in their favorite apartment. She started with the deepest emotion when she perceived that the picture of Haldimar had been removed, and that of Colonel Morrell put in its stead. The delicacy of the act was too much for her overwrought heart, and she burst into tears. At this minute her husband and her child entered the room, and to the gratified surprise of Haldimar she threw herself into his arms, and wept upon his bosom, as a daughter would on that of a father.

This spontaneous act of tenderness, so unusual and unexpected, and full of delicious promise for the future, that the noble-minded Haldimar was almost as deeply affected as the gentle woman herself. Pressing her to his heart, he inquired what had so powerfully agitated her, and upon her pointing to the portrait, Haldimar so far misunderstood her feelings, that he commenced to lament his misadventure, when a fervent kiss from the weeping woman assured him that her emotions proceeded from gratitude, and not from wounded memories.

When she had received the relief tears bring to the heart, they sat down on the bench, with her head resting on his shoulder, holding her little Eugene's hand, and she felt within her soul a presentiment that her days were growing brighter, and that she yet might regard Haldimar with that chastened affection which resembles the sunset rather than the sunrise and noon of love.

After a short conversation, they breakfasted in a more cheerful frame of mind than they had hitherto enjoyed.

After the meal Haldimar proposed, as the day was so fine, a stroll along the banks of the river, but the child exclaimed, "Dear papa, let us go to the wood; Aunt Hortense is coming, and she is so fond of trees!"

The Aunt Hortense thus named was the only sister of Mr. Haldimar, and married to one of the richest merchants of New York. Nature seemed to have made her on purpose to show how completely a brother and a sister can be unlike each other, for she was as mean, envious and vindictive as her noble-hearted brother was good. Rolling in wealth herself and childless, she beheld with a jealous, jaundiced heart the position which Marguerite occupied in her brother's affection, and the settlement of his estate upon little Eugene had made her regard them both as her natural and bitterest enemies. This sentiment she had carefully concealed from all, more especially Haldimar, well aware that the slightest manifestation of it on her part would insure her instant banishment from his house.

This not exactly suiting her purpose, being anxious to watch for opportunities of mischief, she always professed the utmost regard for Marguerite and her son, but notwithstanding her professions of attachment, Mrs. Haldimar, with the instincts of purity and truth, never felt at home in the society of her sister-in-law. Despite the latter's attempt to conceal her real nature, the clever foot of an intense worldly-mindedness, and malignity, would now and then peep forth, convincing Marguerite there was a positive gulf between their natures, which nothing could bridge over.

Haldimar himself felt the measureless inferiority of his sister to his wife, but all sincerity himself, he was completely deluded into the belief of Hortense's regard for Marguerite. Indeed, it seemed perfectly impossible to him that any one could know her without loving her.

When breakfast was done, Haldimar, with his wife and little Eugene, strolled in the grounds till they saw the carriage of Hortense approach the house.

After a short greeting, Haldimar escorted the party towards

Jones' Wood, which, adjoining their own grounds, was at once a favorite and convenient spot. Seldom has a finer day dawned on earth—there was a warm sunshine and a pleasant breeze. A few white clouds floated in the heavens, as though they were sent from some enjoying the beauty of the universe. All was glad and bright—music seemed to dwell on everything—and, stranger still, for the first time since the departure of her husband on his ill-fated campaign, the heart of Marguerite seemed to enjoy a serenity almost amounting to cheerfulness. Eugene was at that tender age in which the memory loses its perceptions very rapidly and when the attention receives every object with avidity. Haldimar was more than usually animated, for he had never received so warm a token of his wife's affection as the little incident of the portrait had elicited that morning. Hortense was perhaps the only blot on this happy hour and group. Pleasant was it to see the little fellow by the side of his stepfather, whose smile had already won its way into his childish heart. The tenderness of Haldimar to Eugene, and her son's affection for him in return, was the dearest thought in that admirable woman's brain.

As they turned from the lane into the wood, they suddenly came upon a man whose tattered uniform showed the greatest poverty, and whose careworn face revealed the deepest misery. His unshaven face corresponded with his general appearance. He seemed the embodiment of a human wail abandoned to die, unwept and uncared for.

This man was Eugene Morrell—but so altered that even his own wife did not recognize him.

Not so with the wretched wanderer—he knew his wife at a glance, and when he saw the child, his own Eugene, he felt as though he only wanted to take him once more into his arms, bless him, and die. With a strong effort he kept himself down, as though with cords of iron; but the smiling face of his once idolized Marguerite was a torture to him, a thousand times more horrible than death! His imagination had pictured her mourning like Rachel, refusing to be comforted, and now he found she had not only rushed into a premature marriage without waiting to ascertain his fate, but had clothed her face in smiles. The sight of his child was more than he could bear, and the father's tenderness triumphed over the husband's indignation—he gave one convulsive sob, and, burying his face in his hands, the tears rolled unbidden down his swarthy face. Drawing his military cap over his face as far as it would go, he sat with his back to an old withered tree, himself a sadder ruin.

The sympathies of all were roused, even the cold, callous Hortense was touched; but upon Haldimar the effect was more practical. Approaching the wretched man, he commenced questioning him in the kindest tone. To all these inquiries Eugene maintained a dead silence; but, when wearied at his contemptuous indifference, Haldimar was about leaving him to his sullenness, and Marguerite approached, saying to Haldimar, "Let me speak to him, dear husband; the poor man may be ill." And when the one so addressed, replied, "As you please, dear Marguerite!" no pen can portray the agony which these apparently simple words produced upon the soldier.

As the words "dear husband" came from those lips which had so long spoken lovingly to him, it seemed as though they must be addressed to himself, and he was half impelled to spring up, clasp the mother of Eugene to his breast and avow himself, when the recollection of her faithlessness returned and he was again the gloomy misanthrope burning with indignation and eager for vengeance.

"Gods!" he said to himself, "oh! the rapture of upbraiding her with her inconstancy, kissing my boy, and then killing myself at her feet!"

Little dreaming who the poor mendicant was, or what was passing in his mind, Marguerite stood before him, regarding him with the deepest commiseration.

The very uniform of a soldier gave him a sanctity in her sight, for in that dress her gallant husband had died, fighting for his country.

At this instant little Eugene ran up, saying, "Here, good soldier, here are some flowers for you—smell them, they will do you good—mamma tells me always to love soldiers, for my father, who is now in heaven, was a soldier!"

As he uttered these words the little innocent fellow put the nose-gar into the soldier's hand.

The fountains of the unhappy man's heart were opened—he clasped the gift, caught the boy's hand, kissed it, and then placing the flowers in his bosom, buried his face in his hands and faintly sobbed.

Marguerite, perceiving his grief and connecting it very naturally with his evident destitution, took out her purse, and laying it on the knee of the man, said, "Accept this, my poor friend—here's a trifle to help you on your road!"

As though a serpent had stung him, Eugene was roused into a frenzy, and starting up, he cried, fiercely, "Curse upon your gold—it makes every woman faithless!"

Dashing the purse at her feet, he darted past them and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

A HARD STRUGGLE.

A DOMESTIC TALES IN ONE ACT.

By Westland Marston.

As performed at the Lyceum Theatre.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MR. TREYOR, a rich farmer.
REUBEN HOLT, Mr. Trevor's ward.
FERGUS GRAHAM, a surgeon.
LILIAN TREYOR, betrothed to Reuben.
AMY, Mr. Trevor's orphan grandchild, aged thirteen.
LANDLADY, of the Old Swan.
SUSAN, Mr. Trevor's maid-servant.

(Concluded from our last.)

SCENE II.

Room in the Old Swan at Uppingham. The open bay-window looks upon the road.

FERGUS GRAHAM and LANDLADY.

FERGUS. That will do, landlady, that will do. Have the goodness to order the fly at once.

LANDLADY (aside). Why, he don't ask after his change; and there's two shillings back out of his half-overcoat for the fly. I wonder whether it's good. (Takes the half-overcoat.) Yes, it is. Your change, sir.

FERGUS. Give it to your servant, my good woman; but do order the fly.

LANDLADY. Why, you'll be at the station an hour before the train, sir.

FERGUS. No matter. I wish to start at once.

LANDLADY (nervous). O, of course, sir, if you prefer the station waiting-room to the parlor of the Swan. Every gentleman has a right to his taste.

[Landlady goes out.]

FERGUS (walking up and down). Motion! Action! I cannot bear to think. If it had only been that I mistook her feelings, and that she refused me, why that would have been a shock; but I could have endured it. I could still have honored her—trusted in her. But to be ordered from her presence so disdainfully—even severely—as if the best homage of my heart were an insult to her!

[A pause.] And yet, she once so gentle—so fearful of giving pain! Is it possible that she can be so utterly transformed? Was it indeed disdain, or was it misery, that I read in her face? What if there should be some dark mystery over her fate that she does not even hint at? I would believe that—anything rather than that she could be capricious and cruel. (Walking to the window, he observes Reuben without seeing him with a stern and fixed expression.) Who's that? [After a pause, Reuben moves away.] That man's face quite treated me.

[He turns, and perceives Reuben, who stands with a menacing look at the door of the apartment, then looks up, takes the key, and walking steadily up to the table, confronts Fergus in silence.]

FERGUS (after a pause, with haughty calmness). You mistake a house of public entertainment for your private dwelling. Why have you looked that way?

REUBEN (speaking in a deep whisper). That you may not go out without my leave.

FERGUS (aside). The man must be insane. I'll deal with him firmly, but quietly. My friend, I must trouble you for that key.

REUBEN. Net yet. You're the young man who left Mr. Trevor's house a while back?

FERGUS. The same, sir.

REUBEN. You own it—the coward, who broke into a lady's presence, insulted her, shocked her by his violence?

FERGUS. Have a care. At first, I thought you a madman, and you have been safe; but there is coherence even in your falsehood. Do you dare—

REUBEN (breaking in). Do you dare—you who stole in upon a woman alone, who laid hands on her till her cries of anger and fear were heard? Is it for me to say—dare?

FERGUS. What do you mean?

REUBEN (brandishing his whip). Mean! To give you a lesson.

FERGUS. Stand back! stand back! or you shall rue to your last hour that you ever raised your hand to Fergus Graham.

REUBEN (who drops the whip and stands arrested). Who? who?—Fergus Graham?

FERGUS. Leave the room!

REUBEN (going to the door, unhooking it, and returning). Stay! you're not—not the young doctor who saved Lilian's life at sea?

FERGUS. My name is Fergus Graham; you should have asked it before.

REUBEN. Sir, I humbly, humbly entreat your pardon. You could not have insulted her. Yet she faltered in my arms as you went. How came that?

FERGUS. By what right do you ask?

REUBEN. By the right of one who has been bred up under the same roof with her; her playmate in childhood, her protector now—one who has the right of a brother.

FERGUS. Her brother! She has often spoken of you; but I thought you were abroad.

REUBEN. No, no; you mistake. I'm not, Fred.

FERGUS (courteously). Pardon me. I was not aware that Miss Trevor had a second brother.

REUBEN (aside, half amused). Why, I can't blab my heart's secrets to a stranger and say—I'm her lover. Let him call me what he likes.

FERGUS. Be seated, sir. And so she complained to you of my intrusion?

REUBEN. She—O, never! But she was heard bidding you from the house. You were seen to force her hand.

FERGUS. To take it. I will be frank with you. I sought your sister's hand for my own. Heaven knows with what reverence.

REUBEN (aside). He loved her, then—he loved her! Poor fellow, how could he help it? Mr. Graham, I feel for you. Take my hand—that is, if you can really forgive me.

FERGUS (shaking his hand warmly). Freely.

REUBEN. Yet I can't make it out. There could be no offence in an offer like yours. Yet why did she bid you begone?—Why did she sink fainting into my arms?

FERGUS. Did it cost her so much, then? [Moves his chair nearer to Reuben's, and continues in a low earnest voice.] Do not think me presumptuous; but I have dared to think—

REUBEN (authoritatively). Stop! I'll hear no more. I've no right to—

FERGUS (persisting). To think that, after all, Lilian may still love me.

REUBEN (compassionately). No, my dear fellow, you mustn't think that; you mustn't, indeed.

FERGUS. I will never breathe that hope without warrant; but still—

REUBEN. No more, I beg. Sure, Lilian refused you?

FERGUS. Ay, but her agitation; her trembling form; her look of wretchedness, that I at first took for anger—

REUBEN. Again, I say, I've no right to your secrets.

FERGUS. Nay, you shall hear me. What if there should be some mystery?

REUBEN (laying his hand soothingly on Graham's shoulder). You mustn't give way to this. What mystery can there be?

FERGUS. Fathers, before now, have forced children to marry against their will.

REUBEN. Ah, that's not her case.

FERGUS. Or there have been—forgive the hope that would clutch at a straw—there have been such things as childish engagements—engagements made before the young heart knew what love meant; yet which a cruel—a false—honor bound it to keep. Ah, that's a bitter word to both!

REUBEN (sharply). What's that to do with Lilian?

FERGUS. I can't say; very likely nothing. But she had lived long in retirement. It was only in Madeira she told me so—that she first seemed to live. It is not only for myself I care. Put me out of the question; but oh, if any chance should bind her to one who could not understand her refined gentle nature—to one with whom she would suffer, die uncomplainingly!

REUBEN. Silence, man! What d'ye take us for, our rough country-folk? We mayn't know much of books; we may be out of place in drawing-rooms; we mayn't know much of the ways of the world; but we'll stand on our heels; but when joy comes—when grief comes—we've hearts that beat and break. We've that which makes man man—love to God and each other!

FERGUS. Right, right. I was selfish and unjust. You must forgive now.

REUBEN. Enough, enough! I don't care for soft phrases. [Walks away, seizes his gloves, and confusedly attempts to draw the left one on his right hand; then speaks aside.] What if I should seem a mere rude loon to her, now she's seen the world and fine people! Oh, no, no!

FERGUS. I have one more request—

REUBEN. What, what? my head's too full for talk. [Aside.] I uttered his name this morning; she turned ashy pale. I thought she would have dropped. Why was that?

FERGUS (looking at his watch). I've but a short time now.

REUBEN (still aside). Dolt that I am! She was overcome by seeing us. What more natural? [Turning cheerfully to Fergus.] I tell you what, Mr. Graham, you must forget this folly. Work hard; root it out. Come back to us in a year or so. Who knows but she'll be married then, and you'll meet her as her husband's friend. We'll meet you well, give you a morning gallop over hill and moor, find you a seat at night by the winter-fire. We shall be as merry as the day's long. Come, come; you'll forget all else!

FERGUS. If she forgets. Yet—

REUBEN (again walking away, and aside). If! He doubts it still. And I—do I doubt too? How, if it should be true? What did she tell him? That till she got to Madeira she had never lived. What threw her into that state when he left her? It couldn't be hate. He was her dear friend—saved her life. If not hate, what was it, then? [Walks a step or two, then returns.] Suppose she had gone in love with him, and felt bound by duty to me—ah, that would explain it!

FERGUS (approaching him). One parting word.

REUBEN (fiercely). You've said too much! You've put a thought into my heart that burns and rankles; and when I would tug it out, it goes deeper and deeper!

FERGUS. If?

REUBEN. You!

FERGUS. I am sorry to part with you so.

[Reuben waves him off; Fergus silently takes up his travelling-coat.

REUBEN (suddenly seizing his arm). Stay! You said there was some mystery here. You shall not go till it's cleared up. I will know why Lilian bade you from the house!

FERGUS (with quiet dignity). Remove your hand! I shall not shrink from inquiry. I will change my plans, and wait your return here.

REUBEN. You will go back with me?

FERGUS. If you wish it.

REUBEN. I will speak to her first alone. If I find—Your fly's at the door. You had better go and countermand it.

FERGUS. I will do so.

REUBEN. He's deceived himself. Yes, yes; all will be well! But—but—[He stops short, greatly agitated.]—I won't be mastered! I will look it in the face! But, if not—if not—why, then, I shall have to cut out doubt for ever from my heart.

SCENE III.

Drawing-room in Mr. TREYOR'S house—same as first scene.

Enter MR. TREYOR and LILIAN.

MR. TREYOR. But thou shouldn't have come down, Lily; thou really shouldn't.

LILIAN. Indeed, dear father, I am better. [Aside.] Oh, for strength for one brave effort!

MR. TREYOR. Well, thou must get thy good looks, dear; for thou'lt be Queen of the neighborhood, now thou'rt back again. [Sitting by her.] Thou know'st thy promise that thou'lt never leave thy father, even when thou'rt married. It's mostly for thy sake that I've tried to raise the family. I gave a breakfast to the members of the Roxbury Hunt. Sir Richard was here himself, and I never saw a man so abstemious. He devoured everything that came within his reach. He grew quite urbane, and showed, in fact, the greatest animosity. "Dam me you're a trump, Trevor!" says he; and he positively slapped me on the back. [With great complacency.]

LILIAN (forcing a show of interest). And did he ask you to Roxbury, dear father?

MR. TREYOR. Why—not in so many words. But the truth is, all was confusion. He had a great confux of the a-t-t-o-racy at his house that winter, and—hem—in fact—I believe there were no beds. But he's coming from London soon, and then—

LILIAN. Indeed, dear father, I desire no grand acquaintance. Your Lily's content with you and with dear Reuben.

MR. TREYOR. Ay, ay! Reuben's a good lad, though he wants polishing up. Anyhow, he deserves well of Lily. You should have seen how he rushed off to punish the fellow whose impertinence alarmed you—

LILIAN (starting up). Punish! Whom?

MR. TREYOR. Why the person who obstructed on you this morning.

LILIAN (excitedly). You are jesting! Oh, say that you are jesting! Send after them! part them—part them, as you value my peace—my life!

MR. TREYOR (sighing). Nay, here comes Reuben to speak for himself.

REUBEN (his eyes fixed on the ground, is seen approaching the open window.

LILIAN (darting towards the window). Speak before you enter! Is he safe? You have not—

REUBEN (coming in). Not hurt a hair of his head.

MR. TREYOR (to her). There, I told thee all would be well. Sit down, love, sit down.

REUBEN (aside). Is he safe?—she asked but for him. Well, she would see that I was safe. There was no need to ask about me.

AMY. Do speak to me, Reuben! If you could guess how glad I am to have you again—

REUBEN (takes a chair, places her on his knee, and gazes earnestly into her face).

AMY. I've a question for you. [She regards him with wondering attention.] Suppose, Amy, some one was to steal your love from me?

AMY. Reuben!

REUBEN. I say, suppose so?

AMY (trembling). O, what have I done? You know that could never be—never!

REUBEN. Well; let's put it another way. Suppose any one was to steal my love from you?

AMY. O, don't, don't!

REUBEN. Nay, it's not likely; but suppose I was to choose another pet—to find some other little face that would make me happier to look on than my Amy's?

AMY. That made you happier!

REUBEN. Suppose so.

AMY. If it did make you happier—

REUBEN. Well; go on, darling.

AMY. O, that would hurt me. But—but—

REUBEN. Yes, yes?

AMY (stifling her sobs). I should pray to God; I should try to think how good you had been to me; how you ought to be happy. And if—if another pet made you so, I should give you up; and try—to love her for your sake.

[She weeps silently, and covers her face with her hands.

REUBEN (kissing her fervently). God bless you, darling! No fear, no fear! Now go play; I must have some talk with Aunt Lily. [Leads her to the door; Amy goes out; Reuben then approaches Lilian.] Are you well enough, Lilian, to have a short talk with me alone?

MR. TREYOR (sharply). No, she's not. [Comes up to Reuben, and speaks to him apart.] Forgive me, Reuben; but she's really ill. For all she's so kind and does her best, it's plain she takes no interest in anything.

LILIAN (rising, and coming to them). Father, I am well enough to talk with Reuben. I wish it, I must.

MR. TREYOR. Well, thou know'st best, Lily; but I maun't have thee overset or hurried! [Aside.] She droops just as she did before she went abroad. And such grand things as I was planning for her! Ah, perhaps that's it. I've been proud and foolish. What if this should be for a punishment! [To Reuben.] Be very tender of her. She's all that reminds me of her mother!

[He goes out.]

LILIAN. Now, Reuben, you must tell me all. There has been no quarrel!

REUBEN. No, Lilian; rest content about that. But you mustn't stand [He places a chair and footstool for her; there's a breeze getting up. Envelopes her in her shawl; then seats himself by her side.] Lily, I've something to say to you.

LILIAN. Yes, Reuben.

REUBEN. There have been a good many changes in this year, and more since you left us. You're changed a bit yourself. The girl's look is gone from you, Lily!

LILIAN. Yes, I'm a woman.

REUBEN. We're always changing, I suppose. The games we played at when children don't amuse us now. Our tastes change; our liking change.

LILIAN. As we grow older.

REUBEN. It's what we must look for. You wouldn't wonder, then, if I was changed too?

LILIAN (after a pause). You would never change from being good.

REUBEN. Do you know I've often thought of that book you were so fond of? [Draws forth the book produced in first scene, and shows it to her.] I often think of those young folks in the story who were engaged to each other, like you and me. Don't tremble so, or I can't go on.

LILIAN (in a whisper). What about them?

REUBEN. Well, you see, they didn't know their own minds until they got separated. Then they both found that what they thought love was—a mistake.

LILIAN. O, Reuben! What do you mean? [He remains silent.] Have pity on me—you don't know what hangs on it. You don't—you can't mean that you're changed to me?

REUBEN (springing from the chair, throwing up his hands, and speaking aside). She's afraid of it! She's afraid of it! She loves me still! [Returning to her.] And would Lilian find it hard if Reuben was changed to her?

LILIAN (after a short pause, and turning away her face). Very hard! It he thought all of her.

REUBEN. That's no answer. Would it cost you much to think I was changed?

LILIAN. I cannot bear this!

REUBEN (sighing). You cannot bear to think so—oh? Is that it? Silent? Nay, a word will do—a smile. [In an altered tone, and laying his hand on her shoulder.] Lily, I've been honest with you all my life. You'll speak to me truly? What can't you bear?

LILIAN. To give you pain. I would rather die.

REUBEN. Do you know anything, then, that would give me pain if I knew it too?

LILIAN. Reuben! Reuben! this is torture!

REUBEN. Be calm. It's only a word, and it must come. When we two kneel together in the church—when you take the vow that can't be unsaid—the vow of heart's love till death and after—

LILIAN (starting up). Spare me, spare me! I'm very wretched!

[She is about to sink at his knees; but he prevents her.]

REUBEN. My poor child!

LILIAN. Reuben, I must speak now! I was so young—I had seen no one but you. I had not dreamed that there was another feeling—a master feeling different from a sister's love—me that is not merely affection, but part of oneself! And it came so unperceived; it dawned on me so softly, rose so gradually, that it was high up, quickening every pulse, mingling with every breath, stealing all life in brightness, before I knew it's power—before I felt that when that light was blotted out the whole world would be darkness.

REUBEN. Well—and then?

LILIAN. When came misery. I had not been willingly guilty; but the thought of your great goodness haunted me like remorse. I strove to break the spell, and fled. But I could not fly from myself. And now, Reuben, that you have made me see the truth, I must go on. Spite of all, the total power still conquers. And oh, if I once sinned in yielding my love to another, I shrink from a sin yet darker! I cannot—dare not—take a false vow to Heaven, and betray the trust of your noble heart!

[She sinks at his feet.]

REUBEN (raising her). Poor child, poor child!

LILIAN. What! Can you forgive me?

REUBEN. Forgive thee! forgive thee! [Presses up his lips tenderly on her forehead.] I partly guessed it. You see—by my calmness—I was prepared for it. [A pause.] And you!—can you bear a surprise?

LILIAN. What can I not bear, after this?

REUBEN. Then leave me a little while; take a turn in the garden—take the left path to the shrubbery! Don't ask who I may perhaps join you soon. [Folds shawl round her head.] The path to the shrubbery—remember!

LILIAN (kissing his hand reverently). Bless you!

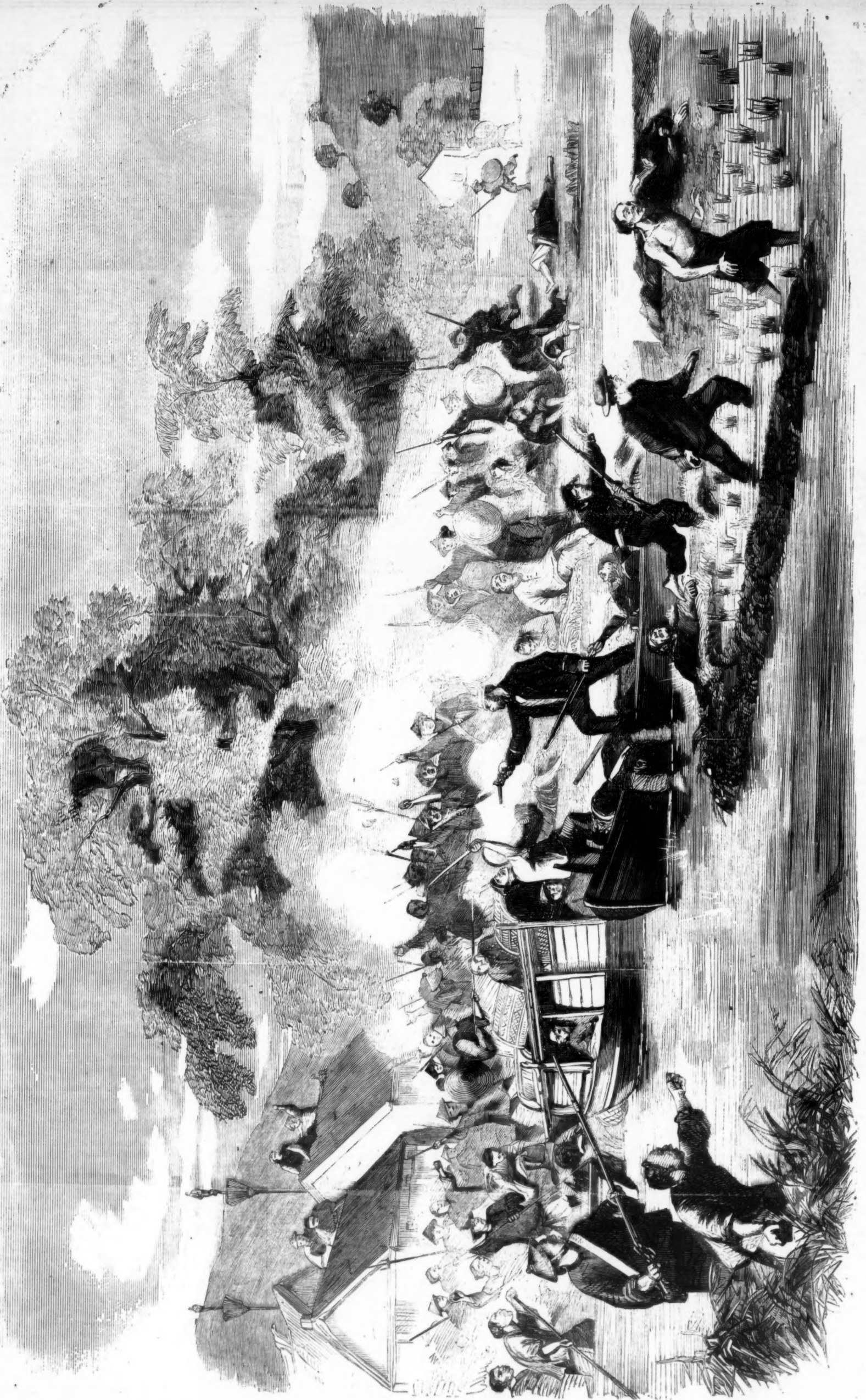
[He looks her to the window, and watches her in silence till she disappears in the walk.]

REUBEN (advancing slowly to front). I know the worst! [Sinks into a chair.] This is no longer a home for me. Soon, as she passed just now from me down the walk, she'll pass from me for ever. I shall see her no more. Not see her! Oh, yes; see her always! In strange lands she'll flit before my eyes—my own playmate, with her straw hat and bright curls, her white frock and the blue sash that I used to tie for her. I shall see her peering by the side of the blue sash, the spring primrose. I shall see the young girl with the way of flush on her cheek, as when I rode beside her pony. I shall see her, as to-day, with her graceful movements and her soft, sad face; and I shall see—oh, there's comfort!—I shall see for ever the smile with which she blessed me! Yes, while I live, the day will never come that I shall not see Lilian!

[He bursts into tears; then leans back quietly in the chair.]

AMY (bounding in). Oh, you're here, Reuben! You promised me a walk, sir. Next a word! Oh, some boy's imagined has put him to sleep, and I shall be the good fairy to rouse him! Wake, sleeper, wake! [She playfully raises her arm, which falls listlessly to his side.] Reuben, what's the matter? It's Amy; your pet, Amy.

REUBEN (who holds her at arm's length, gazes on her wistfully, then strains her to him). Yes, Amy's still mine!



THE WAR IN CHINA—ATTACK ON THE "BANTERER'S" BOAT IN SAI-LAU CREEK, CANTON RIVER. SEE PAGE 277.



THE TURKISH REAR-ADMIRAL AND SUITE AT THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

COL. J. WILLETT SPALDING, OF THE JAPAN EXPEDITION,

Author of "Japan," "Around the World," &c.

COLONEL SPALDING was born on the 21st of June, 1827, at Richmond, Virginia, with whose press he was connected for some time. In 1852 he was one of the officers on board the flag ship of the late Commodore Perry, and on the return of that ship to the United States in 1855, he issued from the New York press a popular volume giving the history of the Japan Expedition from the time of leaving our shores. The flag ship *Mississippi* not only made the entire circumference of the globe, but, during her absence, sailed a distance more than twice the circumference of the earth—over fifty-eight thousand miles. Travelling continually from west to east, those on board saw two days of the week of the same nomenclature come together—two Mondays on two 16ths of October, 1854, *i. e.*, on reaching the 180th meridian of longitude in the Pacific. Colonel Spalding, during his absence from the country, was in almost every clime and under nearly every sun, having visited St. Helena, Madeira, South Africa, Isle of France, Ceylon, Straits of Malacca, Singapore, the ports of China, the Hawaiian group, Granada, California, Chili, Brazil, anchored twice in the Straits of Magellan in sight of Terra del Fuego, with Patagonian Indians around, and was in the Japanese Empire three times—once oftener than Commodore Perry, the latter having returned home by the Oriental route.

RECEPTION OF THE TURKISH ADMIRAL AND SUITE BY THE PRESIDENT.

On Friday, March 19th, the Turkish Rear-Admiral and suite were officially received by the President. The only persons present were Mr. Buchanan and his private secretary, the Secretary of State, the Admiral and his suite, J. Horsford Smith, Hon. J. M. Cross and E. H. Carmick, Esq., of New York. The visitors were received by the President at two o'clock, having first been formally introduced to the Secretary of State. The President said that it gave him great pleasure to offer the hand of friendship and hospitality to such a distinguished officer of the Ottoman empire. He assured him of a kind and friendly greeting from all true Americans, wherever he and his suite might go. He spoke of the friendly relations existing between the two governments, and did not doubt but this interchange of courtesies would go far to strengthen them.

The Admiral in reply expressed his gratitude for the kind feeling and honor

shown himself and travelling companions by the chief of so great a nation. He had been directed, he said, by the Sultan to be guided by the advice and direction of the President of the United States, and he desired to offer a souvenir in testimony of the high regard entertained by his imperial master. At the conclusion of the interview the President invited the Admiral and suite to dine with him on the following Wednesday, when the interview terminated, all parties expressing themselves highly gratified.



COL. J. WILLETT SPALDING, OF THE JAPAN EXPEDITION.

THE ATTACK ON THE BANTERER'S BOAT.

THE war in China, carried on by the allied forces of the French and English, affords material for many interesting incidents, among which are those relating to the attack on the Banterer's boat in the Sai-Lau Creek, Canton river. The gig of the Banterer gunboat left the vessel with a crew consisting of eleven men and the gunner, accompanied by Lieutenant-Commanding Bedford Pim, and a bumboat man as interpreter—in all fifteen.

The object of the expedition was partly recreation and partly information. It proceeded about a couple of miles up a winding creek, opposite High Island, and brought up near the town of Sai-Lau, thirteen thousand inhabitants, which the men-of-war's boats had visited previously. Two men were left in charge of the boat; the remainder landed. Nothing suspicious was observed, and the party passed quietly and unmolested into the town. A Celestial told our bumboat man that further up we should find a Mandarin located, which induced Lieutenant Pim to go in search of him. Upon arriving at the house the bird had flown, leaving behind him papers, books, hats and arms.

On quitting the house the men proceeded straight towards the boat, passing the usual crowd of natives, who did not show any signs of hostility. But just as they got in sight of the boat, they descried a number of "braves," backed by the populace, pelting the two men left in charge of the boat with brickbats. Lieutenant Pim, with some of his men, charged at this mob, and thereby made good the retreat of all the party to the boat; but no sooner were they in the boat than the enemy kept up a smart fire of jingalls, wounding one man in the leg; and they brought a small cannon to bear; the balls whistled over their heads, others struck the boat, and the brickbats fell like hail; the yells, screams and gesticulations of the infuriated mob were truly appalling. The boat's fire must have made some havoc, as the masses were so dense. The creek being both narrow and shallow, paddles were used to propel the boat, the Chinese continuing their attacks from the banks. The sailors, however, managed to keep their assailants at bay until they reached a point where a large tree and a group of houses, standing on the bank, afforded the enemy cover; the brickbats from the housetops and jingalls from the beach rained death and destruction. The gunner and two men were shot dead upon the spot, several also were wounded. Their sharp cries of agony were heartrending, as they received a bullet, or rather jagged slug, and dropped the paddle they were no longer able to hold. At length, losing the means of locomotion, the boat came to a standstill. During the whole of the above trying period Lieutenant Pim was standing on the top of the sternsheets of

the boat encouraging his men and occasionally shooting at the enemy. He had been wounded early, having been hit in six places.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the men who were able decided to leave the boat and try to escape an inevitable death (for these "braves" give no quarter), by crossing a paddy-field, at the edge of which they might be seen from the Nankin. But Lieutenant Pim refused to quit the boat, still standing up; he appeared to lead a charmed life amidst the thick hail of bullets. The interpreter, who had hitherto shown immense pluck, seeing all hopes over, set the example of plunging into the water, and gained the paddy-field; while the boat was soon deserted by all but the dead and Lieutenant Pim. The men who reached the paddy-field arrived at the river side, and waved a red sash to the Nankin as a signal of distress. At last they had the happiness of seeing the Nankin's boats pulling off to their rescue. Lieutenant Pim stuck to the boat to the last, firing away as hard as he could. At length the Chinese put off in their sampans, and he was compelled to retreat, using his last charge of powder to shoot their leader, which caused sufficient confusion to enable the gallant Pim to reach the paddy-field. The decapitation of the corpses took some time, and, thank Heaven! he was enabled to reach one of the Nankin's boats, although closely followed by braves the whole way. Thus, out of a party of fifteen, five were killed, six severely wounded—one since dead. The circumstances attending the fight were very awful, but most picturesque. The Nankin received the wounded, and treated all in the kindest manner.

The boats of the Nankin, with a party of marines, went up the creek and did a little "peppering;" but not a trace of our second gig was found, and only the headless trunk of one man was recovered in the paddy-field. He was immediately buried on High Island. The next morning Captain Stewart, of the Nankin, having in the meantime communicated with the Admiral, received his permission to attack Sai-Lau; and admirable arrangements being completed, he proceeded to shell the town, and then landed a party of marines and blue-jackets numbering about two hundred and fifty men. They met with a most determined resistance, but succeeded in forcing their way into the town. The Mandarin soldiers swarmed—the hills were covered—but a few well-directed shells from the Nankin astonished them, and prevented them cutting off our retreat, as was their intention. The blue-jackets then set fire to the place; but a Chinese town is rather difficult to destroy, the houses being well built of splendid gray brick, and the roofs being the only part combustible. However, the smoke rose high in the air, and the "brave army" came safely out of the conflict with only four wounded. The most melancholy part was to see the women, with small feet, trying to walk across the paddy-fields. They seemed to know that our men would not touch them, for they walked right past them. Some unfortunate children, likewise, having lost themselves, were wandering about without parents. The loss on the part of the Chinese must have been great, for they at one time charged us, but were checked by a well-directed volley, and put to flight at the point of the bayonet. It is a mystery how they manage to hit with their jingalls, for they always fire from the loin, and never from the shoulder. At the end of the creek, where they expected the English would land, they had erected a battery of tubs filled with mud, into which they had placed heavy jingalls and brass twelve-pounders. However, they were disappointed, for the English landed in an entirely opposite direction. Thus ended the day of the 15th of December, 1857. Next morning the Nankin went down to Hong-Kong with the wounded. A very comfortable place was arranged for them on deck with poles, from which their cots were suspended, the whole covered with canvas, making quite a cozy room of it. The "heroes" created quite a sensation in Hong-Kong. The Banterers were received on board the Hercules hospital ship, and are now doing well. Thus ended the memorable expedition of Lieutenant Pim, in which it is very evident that the unfortunate and innocent people of Sai-Lau suffered for the outrageous conduct of undisciplined soldiers and the mob for the time occupying the town.

MRS. SQUIZZLE'S JOURNAL—NO. 5.

Her Opinion of Church—Efforts to Convert Rev Cannon—Valentines Received and Sent by her Darter Sally Mari—Jabez Squizzle Disappears Mysteriously—The Widow is Deeply Grieved at her Loss.

LAST week went to church four das in procession, but I kant as I like their manner uv worship here. The idee uv their mimickin the minister every time he undertook to as his prairs! I declare if everybody in the church didn't go to mumbin and mutterin and turnin over the leaves uv their books. It looked to me as tho it was dun jest on purpose to put him out uv kountenance, and I expected to see him fly oph in a pashun, but he kept as cam and collected as could be, and went on with his sarmon as if nothin at all had happened. I wish to goodness there was a few more sich even tempered men in the world. Muggins cum hum with me that nite (for he see I was alone), so I asked him about it, and he told me it was the custom in churches for the kongregation to repeat prayers after the minister. Ever since then I've held my book up before my face—fur I kouldnt keep the place no how I could fix it—end made a sound resemble distant thunder, and I reckon its answered the purpose; I feel as if I'd got about as much good as any uv em, but sich sarmons as is preacht here never amounts to nothin no how.

I hante seen any body here that kould hold a handle to Elder Berry, our Methodist minister. I jest wish sum uv the wicked people here could hear one uv his taretic Methodist sarmons, I reckon some uv the unpolluted sinners would shake in their shews. When he first cum to Konkopot folks didnt think he was any great shakes uv a speaker, but I disklivered talent in him from the first, tho I didnt say nothin about it at the time. The confuence they met, and gin him a license to exhaust, so he went around from one place to another exhaustin fur about two years and a haf, and then they made a circus minister uv him, and he did a heap uv good in our part uv the country. We lived about twenty rods from the church, and I've often took my nittin uv a Sunday afternoon and set down in my own door and nit while I listened to his preachin, for I kould hear every word uv it just as plane as if I'd been inside the church. He had a remarkably clear and distinct voice, and I alers felt revived and strengthened arter listenin to him. He's no inspector uv persons, and dont preach nun uv your palaverin sarmons like ministers here. He jist lets the truth cum out without lookin to see who it will hit. I've bin a talkin with Muggins and Jabez, and they both think we'd better try and git him down here to preach one sarmon to Bew Cannon. For my part I kant feel to give him over yet. Folks tell about his bein a "hard old head," but I shant set him down as lost till Elder Berry has gin him a trial; he has controverted sum gallus old sinners in his day. I'd jest like to see him git hold uv Bew Cannon.

Sally Mari has united with the church here. When she first spoke to me about it I thort I kould never give my konsent, but I've since thort the matter over, and after I found most all uv the upper krust were members, and that they allowed dansin and all sorts uv frolickins, I withdrew my objections. Sally Mari alers led the singin at the camp meetins and sich like up in Konkopot, and I told her, now that she had become a member uv the church here, it was her duty to let her voice out and assist all she kould. She said she didnt exactly understand the tones, but she'd du her best; and she did, I reckon, for she entirely drowned out the sound uv that horrid old organ they use here. At the close of services I jined in singin the orthodoxy, and we all went home. About nine o'clock in the evening a valentine was brought to the door for Sally Mari. It was on very hard-ome painted paper, well covered over with little winged "young ones" and flowers, and harts and darts, and there was considerable writin on the inside.

Read it aloud, sez I to Sally Mari, and she commenced; but warnt she hoppin mad afore she got thru. It was jest the sassiest insulterin thing I see rit, and Sally Mari she took a copy of it and sent it to the *Phizzle* to see if the editor cant discover the perpetrator uv the skandalizin verses.

TO SALLY MARI.

How sweet and welcome is the day,
When you, my friend, your powers display
By jumping, screaming, almost singing—
Oh, heavens! thy voice is ever ringing
In my poor persecuted ears.

And when to heaven your eyes you raise
In pretence of your Maker's praise,
'Tis, in good faith, but affection,
A mockery to consecration.
In vain, oh Sally, are your tears,
When like a duck in some mud hole
To heaven above your optics roll.

But well 'twas done; the farce was grand;
No gentleman could e'er withstand
Those touching strains; those gestures wild
Have many a young man's heart beguiled;
For your strange voice is ever quaking,
Showing both brains and lungs are lacking.
No massive ship e'er raised its sail,
No gaudy peacock spreads its tail
With half the pride you seem to feel
When pitching for a sacred squeal.

JACK O'FLANNIGAN, Brown's Hotel.

As soon as Sally Mari had dun redin, she got up and started for her room. Where are you goin? sez I.
Im a goin to reply to that valentine, sez she; Ill let Mister Jack—who-ever-he-is no that I represent such ordacity.

I see she was fairly bilin over, so I sed nuthin more. She warnt gone over an our and a haf afore she returned with the folloin verses. I thort I should hev hide a laffin when I red em. They was rit rite under the picter uv a Jackass. He had a hat crowded down over his hed and his long ears stickin up thru the crown, wore a Shangeye cote, and walked on his hind legs, carryin a kain.

TO JOHN O'FLANNIGAN, JUST FROM SWATZ IRELAND.

For music, Jack, you have an ear,
That everybody knows, for here
In Brady's lifelike photograph
Your ears take up the greater half.

And now my kind advice I'll give
That you may henceforth quiet live;
Ne'er try to change what nature's made,
No Jack can talk that's ever brayed.

You should not sport hat, coat and cane,
Dear little Jack, for 'tis in vain,
A poor despis'd beast you are
In spite of everything you wear.

Don't try to speak, I know it all,
And pity you, poor animal,
In vain to hide those ears you try,
A Jack you've lived—a Jack you'll die.

After I'd dun redin, Sally Mari warnt long in directin and sealin and sendin it around to Browns hotel, and I reckon Mister Jack O'Flannigan will send his valiantines to somebody besides Sally Mari Squizzle after this.

Shes bin very attentive to church when there's been bin no other duins, and I go occasionally when I can spare an our; but, as I sed to Muggins tu-day, it takes nearly every blessed minit uv my time to kepe Sally Mari cloze in repaire and kepe her in a fashionable rig.

Jabez got invitations to a fashionable hop at the National tother nite, and tho I hevnt bin able to hop any grate distance since I sed the inflammable reumatiz, I thort it was best to go on Sally Mari account.

New fashions is turnin up here every da. Wimmen hev took tu shavin oph their eyebrows and paintin themselves all sorts uv colors; so I jest let Sally Mari that I didnt see no use in shavin hers oph, they were so lite; so I jest let em remain and painted em over black, and I gave her cheeks and lips an extry shade uv red, and, after paintin her neck and arms wite, I jest covered em with littel crinklin lines uv blue that bakd for all the world jest like blu vains. She wore a sky blu silk uv a mazarine shade, and I thort it very becoming; but Jabez sed it didnt correspond with her complexion at all, and if she comin; with them ere black half moons on her forehead, I'd better paint her bare black tu and make a finish uv it; but I woudnt think uv dunn that. The contrast was strikin and bufful, and I jest told Squizzle he could rig himself up in whatever stile he liked and I shouldnt interfere, but I should dress myself and my darter as my own taste and judgment dictated. I reckon that man will find out arter awhile that it arnt much use fur him to talk to me.

We went over to the hotel in purty good season, and I kept my eye out, but I didnt see no heppin dun the hull evenin. After a time they began to dans, and Sally Mari hadnt dansed but two or three figers when she got into a powerful perspiration uv sweat, and the black, red and blu paint all run together over her face and neck. She was an orful site to behold, and some uv the ladies there put on ares, and tried to make a grate ade about ignorant peeples daubin their faces with paint. I heard their slants and slurs fur a minit or two in silence, then I spoke up a purpose so as everybody in the room mite here me, and sez I, I reckon if some uv these wimmen that is makin these remarks about my darter should git up and dans three or four times in procession, they'd be in a plagued site worse kondon than what she is. If her black eyebrows and red cheeks does rub oph, shes got natral ones under, and thats more than some uv you ken as.

You'd better believe there wasnt anything more sed by the wimmin; some uv the fellers around there kind uv laffed and winked to me to go on, but I didnt pa no attention to em. I got Sally Mari up into the dressing-room as quick as I could, and went tu washin oph her face and neck in good strong soap suds; but tho I rubbed for half an our sty I kouldnt git the stains oph, and Sally Mari was a mind to go rite home, but I told her she should not think uv it; I made her go back jist to show folks that she want all paint and powder as some had in-ivited.

When we got hum from the party Jabez he begun to find fault with me fur the accident that betel Sally Mari, said I was makin a perfect laffin stock uv her, and she should never with his consent appere in public with paint on her face agin.

I jest walked strait up in front uv him, and sez I, Squizzle, whos asked your konsent, or who do you expect to ask your konsent? I've got inta fashion, the society here, and I intend to keep up with em, Squizzle or no Squizzle. I dont want to be under the necessity uv tellin you agin tu tend to your own consarns and let mine alone, whater. I'd like to know what a man knows about wimmins dressin, or what business he has a meddin with sich things? You dont hear uv no real genuine gentlemen doin it; its only ignorant fellers like you that go a hehuseyin around a tryin to pick flaws in their wives doins jest to git up a family jar.

Jabez he crowded his hat down on his hed and gathered up his coat skirts all redy for a start, and then, sez he, I spose you wimmin would cut oph your heds, if it was fashionable.

Yee, sez I, and if I had such empty cranium as you have, I'd cut it oph whether it was the fashion or not. I reckon it woudnt be missed much. Squizzle vamo ed before I had a chance to say more, but hell find I havent dun with him, if he undertakes to give directions agin about my dressin Sally Mari.

Hes about the unres-onablist man in existense, and I dont believe theres another woman that would hev lived with and got along with him as I hev dun. I alers was a retirin wa and sweet disposition; from a child up I alers sought to avoid quarrels and live peaceable, and Squizzle he takes advantage uv it every opportunity that offers.

Its only in the most desperate cases—like the present instance—that I ever open my lidded to reply to him, and then I as jist as few words as possible. My mother alers sed it was my disposition to bear and forbear, and I reckon Sally Mari is goin to be jist like me.

Jabez, he never kum back the whol indurin nite, and I never shot my eyes to sleep a thinkin what it was best to as tu him when he did kum.

I got up early the next mornin and kalled Sally Mari, and we waited till ten o'clock, but he didnt kum, and then I sent black Sam up the avenu to see if he couldnt get some kind uv a clew to his whereabouts.

Sam is a nowin nigger, and no mistake; he warnt gon over haf an our afore he returned out uv breth with the terrible news that ther was a graine to be a dewel.

Is Jabez consarned in it? sez I.

Kant as, sez he. I've looked all about town, but kant find nuthin uv him.

Share, sez I, there's danger uv his ever fightin a dewel; I've seen him run afore now to git out uv the site uv a pistol. I reckon hes tu Mugginses.

No he arnt, sez Sam; fur I jist made a stop thar and inspected the premises.

I kum along; and Muggins has bin gon all nite too, and his wife is in a terrible takin. The very fust thing she sed wen she see me was tu ask if her husband was over here?

Over here! sez I. What upon airth duns she think I want uv Muggins? Shes better be careful what she sez, tho; her tongue wont never hurt my karriceter, for its tu firmly established to be injured by a poor, miserable, gossipin critter like her.

Thats jist what I told her, sez Sam, and she flew fetu an orful pashun and undertuk tu turn me out uv dores, but I tuk the hint, and kum tu quick fur her.

I shouldnt wonder if the old hippercrit had got Squizzle sekreated sumwhere about her house now, sez I. Ill go out and make sum inquiry about the dewel, the I've no kind uv an idee Jabez has spunked up to fight in his old age. I alers sed it would be the best thing I could do, for hell felt all the moenia jist as if sumthin was a goin tu happen.

So I tied on a black bonnet and veil, which I had made to order when Squizzles mother did, and I've kept it in the house ever since thinkin it mite kum fu pluse for I thort it woud look mor respectful like tu appere in black fust if anything had happened to Squizzle.

I hadnt gon but a few blocks from the house afore I met sum ruff lookin fellers, and I see at once, from the way they went swaggin along, that they were M.C.s. So, thinks me, Ill jist stop em and ask about the dewel, for I've often heard it sed when theres any itin tu be du they all no it, and are redy tu stan I and see fair pla.

I drawed my black veil down over my face, and my voice trembled (I kouldnt stedy it to save my life when I thort uv Squizzle in danger), as I asked one uv the fellers if it was tru that a dewel was to be fought.

Spect it is, sez he.

Can you tell me if there's a gentleman by the name of Squizzle engaged in it? sez I. I had to try three times before I could say Squizzle, I was so agitated.

Spect there is, sez the feller.

Nobody can have no ort uv an idee what a powerful sensation uv grief cum over me when I heard that.

I kum mighty near faintin ded awa, but jest then a light breeze sprung up,

and that brought me tew, and I sot down and grownd fur sum time before kould consecrate my thorts, to no what it was best fur me to du first.

Now, Squizzle never was no kind uv a shot; he kouldnt fire oph a gun with-out tremblin and jumpin three yards, haf skeered to deth at the report; and takin all these things inta re-considiration, I made up my mind he kouldnt stand no kind uv a chance uv cumin out victorious. I kondered him jest as good as ded the minit I heard he was engaged in the affra, and nobody that haint gone through it kan tell with what al agony uv heart-breakin sobs I wended my way tu a dry goods store, tu purchase a suitable dress fur the occasion.

I kum mighty near losin my conscientiousness when the klark laid sum peases uv black bumbyzene afore me, but my self-possession returned when he named the orful price uv three dollars a yard.

Now, there is some low, unprincipled klarks who take advantage uv women in deep affection, and tuck on an orful price on mournin goods. But I never got so deep in trouble yet but what I new when I was imposed upon, and I jest told em I warnt a goin to pay three dollars a yard fur no black dress, fur it woud be uv no arthly use tu wear tu party and sich like, on account uv the color; and when a body had done mournin, it woud hev tu be throwd aside, good fur nuthin.

The klark sed they sold more uv that article than any other, fur sich purposes, and he'd warrant it to outwear any other mournin goods in market; fur his part, he thort it woud prove the cheapest goods in the long run, and there was never no tellin, arter a body oncet put on a black dress, when they woud take it oph. Fur his part, he kondered life at the present da a very un-satisfain thing.

That was a new view uv the case, and after thinkin on it for a time I concluded Id foller his advise and take the three dollar pease uv bombazin, so the klark measured it oph and arter selectin a couple uv black bordered pocket handkerchers fur me and Sally Mari, I hurried hum and sot Sally Mari to work hemmin the handkerchers to have em redy against the body was brought hum. She said she thort I was in konsiderable uv a hurry, and it mite turn out arter all to be a mistake. Sally Mari never did have much uv an idee of havin things in rediness fur whatever may happen, and I told her so. I've talked a grate deal tu her about bein prepared for emergencies and havin things handy in the house; I've had my ideas on the subject ever since I went tu hear the Toodies played at Burton's.

Sam, in a fit uv coonsation, went flyin about the city fur the remainder uv the day in sarch of Jabez, but he neither found him nor heard tidings of him, and at nite he cum home so excited that he was unable to walk strait.

I kept tu work most uv the da on my dress, and when nite cum on and Jabez didnt return I made up my mind he was dun gone intirely, and Sally Mari she begun to think—sure enuf—that we should have use for our mournin handkerchers. All that nite and the next da was spent by Sally Mari and me with closed shutters in the solitude of our chamber, with jest a littel crack uv light tu see tu sow by, and Sam havin somewhat recovered by a nites rest tied black crape on the door handle and started oph tu see what he could hear. My strength held out jest long enuf tu git my black dress dun and on, and then I gin out intirely. Sally Mari was orfuly frightened at my apperance, and she sent post haste fur the doctor. When he cum he sed my malady was somethin he didnt exactly understand, but he thort without doubt I was laborin under an abbreviation uv the mind, and he gave me a quieting anecdote, and sot down to see how it afflicted me. Every time the door opened I asked in a whisper, has he cum? and Sally Mari declares solemnly they are the only words that passed my lips fur twenty-four hours. I lay in a precocious state for sum time, and the doctor sed it woudnt do tu admit callers to my room, for there was a general rush tu our house, and all my acquaintances, on findin it was impossible to see and sympathize with me, went hum and rit letters of convalescence to me. No bin able myself, I've sot Sally Mari to arsernin em, and I guess shes got her hands full for the next week.

There is one woman in this plaise thats bin a site uv comfort tu me in this ere tryin time. She cum tu the house three times, and I kondered I S.M. Mari so feelingly that she finally took the responsibility uv leavin her room to open up the doctor's orders to the contrary, and it has bin a grate releaf tu me tu unbuden my hart tu her. She knows all about troubles of this affecitin kind—has bin a widdier three times durin the last eight years, and she sed she felt it her duty tu cum rite over and advise me how to act. I told her Id bin ponderin on that subjeit for sum time, and at sartain times I felt myself uncapable uv actin at all, and I didnt no but I should be obliged tu give up in despair. I felt sumtimes as if there was nuthin more fur me to live for. She said that was jest the case with her in her first widderness, and she was sorry tu find me in the same way. I told her I shouldnt wear a hood, for I had a black bunnet that I kept laid up ever since mother Squizzle died, and I kalkylated to make that arner the purpose. I could wear a widdier veil with it. She sed she was glad to see me economizin on the start, fur when wimmin was left tu themselves it was well enuf tu keep track uv the coppers, and she hoped I woudnt lay this first grate affecitin so saddy tu hart, fur it warnt as bad as tho there was no men left. To be sure Jabez Squizzle arnt the last man in the world, sez I, but I kant help mournin his loss. We've lived together better than thirty yeres, and never a cross word has past between us. I never expect tu find his like agin, tho as you as, it looks like murmurin at the hand uv Divine Providence tu greave too much. No doubt his loss will be my gain.

UNDYING LOVE.

By Henry C. Watson.

I TRACE her name upon the sand
But it will not abide;
For though I trace it o'er and o'er,
Still comes the surging tide,
And leaves no letter of that name so dear,
I traced upon the sand with so much care.
Thus to my secret heart full oft I speak;
O surging tide how strong! O sand how weak!
I traced her name upon my heart,
To others all unknown;
And though she died long yeres agone,
Yet still I am alone!
The surge of time upon my heart still breaks,
But not one letter of that lov'd name takes!
And to my secret heart full oft I speak;
O love how strong! O boasting time how weak!

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD TRAVELLER.

No. 1.—The Turning Point in the Life of an Artist.

TOWARDS the close of the so-called Restoration, when the tottering throne of Charles X. was soon to crumble away from under him, there lived in Paris a young man named Maurice Senties. He was the son of an old royal functionary, who, having followed the fortunes and shared the vicissitudes of his master during a long exile, had returned with him to France, to be recompensed for his faithful services by a snug employment, intended for the rest of his life.

Young Senties having received a liberal education at one of the best colleges in France, was destined for a diplomatic career, in which his acquirements, supported by the influence of his father, promised him fair success. But he had also devoted much time and study to the art of painting, and had become one of the most promising pupils of the celebrated historical painter Baron Le Gros. He began to excel as an artist in such a degree that he might have aspired some day to take a place among the best modern painters—yet he cultivated painting with no other object than to satisfy an enthusiastic ardor, a sheer love of the art for its own sake. P't alas! for human plans—the three days of July arrived—those three days which swept from the soil of France that fragile creation of Russian, German and English bayonets—the Restoration, with its train of reinstated emigrants and legitimist functionaries.

Senties' father lost his place, and soon after died, leaving no treasures to his son but the talents which Nature had bestowed, and which his parental affection had helped to cultivate.

Senties had never had much liking for the restraints of an official life; to roam about, a freeman, in the temple of Nature and among the treasures of art, would have been more congenial to his tastes and to his independent spirit; but he had been a dutiful son, he had sacrificed his inclinations upon the altar of filial affection.

Now, however, when the road which he was to have pursued was unexpectedly blocked up (a disappointment to his father, but not to himself), he yielded to his soul's yearning, and resolved to make a profession of what hitherto had only been a delightful pastime. It was as if he were now permitted to press to his heart as his affianced bride her whom before he dared to love only with the respect due to a sister. His first inspiration was the great event which had just changed the destinies of France—the glorious Three Days. Partaking of the general enthusiasm which then pervaded the whole country, he had mentally conceived a poetic representation of one of the stirring scenes in which he had himself not remained a mere idle spectator. Had he been able at once to breathe upon the canvas the ensemble of the images, such as they already lived within him; could he have exhibited to the world his painting, finished and complete, during those days of universal enthusiasm, which but too quickly were to vanish; when the Citizen King still walked unattended, an umbrella under his arm, through the thoroughfares of Paris—his fame—provided his production could stand the test when judged as a piece of art—would have been established; for the people would, the King must applaud him. But alas! not even a

Raphael could suddenly create, as by a magician's wand, a good historical oil painting, every part of which necessitated accurate and arduous study; one, moreover, that was to be of large dimensions, it required weeks and months to finish, and weeks and months produced a mighty change during that epoch.

Whilst the young artist labored at his easel, a new political spirit had gradually supplanted the first republican ardor, if not with the nation, at least with the king, who already had exchanged his umbrella for insignia of a decidedly more regal kind. Nothing daunted Senties worked on, sustained by hope and encouraged by the friends who daily visited his atelier, among whom were several who belonged to the court of Louis Philippe. He was poor, and often he had not as many sous as would buy him a pair of kid gloves to wear at night in the circles of the great, where, although the son of a legitimist, he was ever a welcome guest. Frequently he had to borrow money to procure the necessary pigments and materials. At length, the great work was completed, and, with feverish expectation, Senties looked forward to the next exhibition at the Louvre, the result of which he felt persuaded would amply compensate him for his long endurance, for his many privations. The picture was favorably received by the Committee of Art, and was advantageously placed among the thousands of new productions which adorned the magnificent gallery. The day arrived, and, with a palpitating heart, fluctuating between hope and misgivings, Senties betook himself to the royal palace.

The galleries were crowded; some came to view the paintings, but the majority to see the expected royal visit. Surrounded by a brilliant suite, Louis Philippe appeared, and made his round through the various apartments, stopping before the pictures which attracted his particular notice. Several artists were called by name to be presented to the king—some to be decorated as Knights of the Legion of Honor, others to be informed that the king had purchased their pictures. All the while poor Senties followed his majesty from room to room, and when they approached the spot where his own picture was hung, his anxiety became so intense that he could hardly breathe. How great must have been his disappointment and mortification when he saw the king pass on without even seeming to notice a painting of which yet he must doubtless have heard, it having been long known among the picture lovers of Paris. Senties stopped short, and remained for a long while as if rooted to the floor—he had fallen from the heaven of his fondest hopes, and darkness and despair stood threatening before him. The king left, the crowd diminished, and, at last, Senties, also, with uncertain, leaden steps, descended the broad marble stairs of the palace. In his gloomy mood, he was scarcely conscious of being accosted by a gentleman in uniform, who had overtaken him on his way. This was one of the king's ministers by whom Senties was well-known, who, in fact, had, when Senties commenced his work, promised to use his influence in the young artist's favor. Sorry to find Senties in such a state of profound dejection, of which, however, he well knew the cause, he spoke soothing words to him, assuring him that it was not want of merit in the picture, but its subject, which already was considered dangerous to the government of the day, that made it impossible for the king to notice it. Poor consolation this to the mortified, penniless man. Nay, if anything could have added to the painful sensations that overwhelmed him, it was the very excuse urged by the minister—Louis Philippe afraid to be reminded of the Three Days! The nation had then again shed its blood in torrents for a mere phantom, and not for liberty! He himself, when fighting on the Pont Neuf against the soldiers of Charles X., had risked his life in vain.

All was then lost—his own hopes and his country's. It was not to be endured. He parted from the Minister with a settled purpose in his mind; that purpose was to put an end to an existence that had lost all its charms. This point decided, it only remained to determine the manner in which he was to make his exit from this valley of torment. Was he to call to his aid the friendly waters of the Seine, that seemed to invite him to their embrace, as they swiftly rushed past the quay on which he paced? or was he to invoke solace from the fumes of the copper-pan filled with charcoal? or should he borrow a pistol (for he had none himself) as the most speedy means of self-destruction? Perplexed by the variety that presented itself to his imagination, he rejected and chose, and rejected again, but was not able to come to a final determination. At length he wisely resolved to postpone the whole matter till the following day, and the night being far spent, he wended his steps to his solitary lodgings.

M. Senties, when narrating these facts to us, forgot to mention whether he could sleep that memorable night, or whether he lay awake in his bed in gloomy meditations. So much is certain, when daylight dawned, a new idea had burst upon him. Die he would; on this point he was unchanged! but not ingloriously by his own hand, but on the battle-field—on the sunburnt plains of Algeria, where Abd-el-Kader was still unconquered, and where the bones of thousands of Frenchmen were already bleaching. Marshal Bugeaud, who was at that time Minister of War, had been a friend of his father, and to him he would apply for an appointment, if ever so humble, in the army of Africa. Having made a careful toilette, he hastened to the Marshal's hotel, and requested an audience. The Marshal received him kindly, and listened patiently to the narrative of his griefs, as well as to the statement of his extravagant intentions. He knew and appreciated Senties' talent, and was not surprised that a young man of ardent temperament should feel deeply hurt and disconcerted at a first reverse, which to him must appear as terrible as it was unexpected. But he also felt convinced that the paroxysm would soon pass over, and that if the despondent artist could once be made to recommence painting, his genuine love for the art would soon come to his rescue, and he would eventually work out his own success. "*Mon ami*," he said to him, "I would be most happy to serve you; but one thing I will not do, and that is, to make myself an accomplice to a moral suicide. Think better of the matter. I will not give you an appointment, but I cannot prevent you from enlisting. Should you be foolish enough to do so, in that case you shall have so much of my protection as a common soldier can expect. In the meantime, you stand in need of exercise and recreation. One of the gentlemen present will do me the favor to accompany you on a walk." With this he whispered something to an officer who stood beside him, and this gentleman, bowing to Senties, politely requested permission to be his company for the remainder of the day.

They left the hotel together, and engaged in lively conversation, which mainly turned upon the all-engrossing subject that agitated Senties' mind, they perambulated the principal streets, visited the bazaars, the cafes, the gardens of the Tuileries, and at last, as if by chance, passed one of the military hospitals, which the officer proposed to enter. Here, on an endless row of couches, lay stretched the attenuated forms of suffering human beings. Several had lost an arm, others a leg, one poor fellow had half of his face shot away, and the squalor of many a countenance told of approaching death. Particularly to one who, like Senties, had never visited a hospital, it was certainly a horrid, sickening sight. The officer entered into conversation with several young men who appeared convalescent, and asked them where and how they had been wounded. They had all fought and been wounded in that very Algeria which was for the present uppermost in Senties' thoughts. The bulk of them had been drafted into the army as conscripts. But there were also volunteers; of these, some had become soldiers for the sake of glory and promotion; others, again, had gone to Africa, who, like Senties, wished to find in death a cure for some severe disappointment. But they had not found death; they had, instead, had their bodies crippled, and had gained nothing but the prospect of lingering out, perhaps many years of a painful existence. As Senties listened, his resolution faltered more and more; and when he had heard the last sufferer speak, the idea of Algiers was entirely abandoned. He left the hospital an altered man, and the good Marshal's remark had thus succeeded. Once more hope sprang to his heart; he would again apply himself heart and soul to his cherished vocation; he would work steadily and conscientiously, and he might still succeed—he might still be happy.

But not in Paris would he remain; the companions of his early independent life were not to be the witnesses of his struggles. To the artist's paradise—to sunny, classical Italy would he go—to Italy, with her monuments of departed mighty ages—with her rose-tinted landscapes, her fantastic mountains and picturesque men and women—with her treasures of medieval art. There he would revel in study, till some day he might return to his beloved native land an honored and celebrated master.

Senties' intended journey to Italy soon became known among his friends. It so happened that one of them had two saddle horses to send to Lyons, a city on Senties' way, and he proposed to Senties

to make the route so far on horseback, accompanied by a groom. In those days France was without railways, except a short one between Lyons and St. Etienne. In the west and south there were excellent macadamised roads, over which it was a pleasure to travel in a *malpoite* drawn by four shaggy and small but ever galloping horses; but in the north and east the causeways were paved with cobblestones and flanked by interminable rows of stiff poplars, and a journey on them by the lumbering *diligence*, or even by the mail, was tedious in the extreme.

Senties therefore availed himself with pleasure of his friend's offer, and in a few days he was on the road. Avoiding the highroad as much as possible, he struck into the verdant country, lingering wherever an attractive spot invited to repose or admiration, or wherever outline or grouping of objects, or light effects gave scope to his pencil. It was a fortnight before he arrived at Lyons, which by public conveyance he might have reached in two days; but taking into account what he had enjoyed, it was a favorable exchange. It is in the country that the artist should find time to time recruit his imagination; it is from the ever-varying models of which Nature is so profuse that he should gather in the stores on which his genius is to feed.

As if in proud defiance, partly situated on a steep rock, stands the beautiful city of Lyons, looking down upon the rivers Saone and Rhone, which at her feet mingle their waters. Alas! Lyons had but too obstinately defied the National Convention of the first revolution, which in return decreed terrible punishment on her citizens, who were shot down with grapeshot by thousands.

Here Senties found a cordial welcome in the house of an old officer, who had been one of his father's most intimate friends. Introduced in the best society the city possessed, among men and women of elegance and refinement, his time slipped away so agreeably that he remained in Lyons three weeks beyond the time he had at first intended. At last he made serious preparations for his departure. He had already taken leave of his many new acquaintances, and was to start on the following day, when, after one of his usual friendly chats with his hospitable host, the latter said to him, "By the by, my dear Senties, you have not yet painted my portrait, which most certainly I must have before you go." "Had you only asked me before, my estimable friend," answered Senties, "I would have painted you with infinite pleasure; but what can I do now, when my place in the diligence is taken; and what is of more importance, when all my materials are already sent away?" "Never mind your materials; if you cannot print me in oil, take chalk, charcoal or anything you like; but have my portrait I must."

There was nothing for Senties but to obey. He had occasionally amused himself by drawing in black crayon, but he had never attempted a portrait in it. He would try; but he did not at all feel certain that his artistical talent would be sufficiently great to help him at once to overcome the difficulties of a new material. To the great satisfaction of his friend, but still more to the surprise of himself, he succeeded most admirably. What he produced was not only perfect as a likeness, but a masterpiece of art in expression, effect and finish.

Whilst the delighted old gentleman who was the subject of this drawing was still busy with thanks and praises, one of the fashionable of the city happened to call, who, as soon as he got a sight of the portrait, joined the officer in exclamations of satisfaction. He begged so long that Senties could not refuse to take his portrait also. In a few hours this was accomplished, and with equal success.

In ecstasy with the good looks of his facsimile, the dandy hastened away to exhibit that very evening to the *beau monde* in the half dozen parties for which he was engaged, this specimen of the eminent talent of their recent acquaintance, the young Parisian artist. This incident was decisive in its consequences; it was the turning point of Senties' fortunes, for beginning from the following day, he was crowded with orders; and when eventually, after the lapse of four months, he did take his departure from Lyons, he had finished not less than four hundred portraits. At first he charged sixty francs for each; but having after a short time acquired such facility that he could produce eight portraits in one day, and possessing sufficient shrewdness to perceive that an article's cheapness increases its consumption, he reduced his price to twenty-five francs, to which he has ever since adhered. He thus of a sudden stepped from poverty into comparative affluence; he could henceforth rely on an abundant income: but it was not in this respect alone that he had reached the turning point of his fortunes, his whole career was changed. If, in a common sense view, it was pardonable, nay, wise in him to have preferred what must be termed a lucrative business to famishing on the slow and toilsome road to that highest order of talent to which he had once aspired—still he had become untrue to his first love; for portraits, though ever so exquisitely executed, do not rank in the highest class of art, to which historical painting alone belongs. Nevertheless, his genius, though its wings were clipped, manifested itself sufficiently in the style he had chosen to make him a celebrated artist.

His portraits distinguished themselves by the poetry of their conception. He had the rare faculty, without flattering, to seize the best expression a person was capable of. They are so perfect of their kind, these portraits, that they adorn a room and are pleasing to look at, even by those who do not know the originals. Nor did he entirely neglect whatever of art that was not portraits. In Rome, in Florence, in Genoa, whenever he was free from business engagements, he would sketch landscapes and figures from Nature, or copy in the galleries, though not in oil, for which he never had sufficient leisure. There is not a court in Italy where some of his works are not to be found. He could boast, in 1839, when the author of this article met him in Florence, that he had drawn the portraits of most of the members of both the, at that time, exiled dynasties of France; of the Bourbons, including the Duke of Bordeaux, and of the Napoleons, among whom, probably, was the present Emperor himself. But it was not by the crowned heads that he was most liberally paid. The late King of Sardinia, before concluding to order an album containing all the portraits of his Order of St. Joseph and Lazarus, made particular inquiry if it were true that Senties charged no more than twenty-five francs each; and the Grand Duchess of Tuscany made her lady of honor pay him for the portraits of her children in gold, strictly calculated at the exchange of the day. Private individuals frequently treated him with more generosity; the Baroness de Rothschild, for instance, though, thinking of her husband's wealth, she can scarcely be called a private individual, gave him fifty guineas for her portrait and for a few lessons in drawing. Senties had unassuming, gentlemanly manners, and possessed a cultivated, philosophical mind. He was not parsimonious, for—to his honor be it said—he entirely supported an old relative who lived in France; but he was saving in his expenditure, and, if he be still among the living, he must, by this time, have amassed a considerable fortune. If he is wealthy and happy he deserves both, for he is, in every respect, a worthy fellow.

N. ROCMA.

SKATING ON JAMAICA POND, BOSTON.

By January Scarle.

SKATING is the most exhilarating and delightful of all our winter pastimes and exercises. It is superior even to sleighing, and far more healthy and exciting than this sport, dear as it confessedly is to us Northern people. Everybody loves it, too, whether he can skate or not; and it is pleasant to see how old and young, fathers and grandfathers, daughters and granddaughters, lovers, brothers and bachelors turn out into the cold, biting air, and walk over the snow-paths to some neighboring pond, where hundreds are perhaps already assembled, to enjoy with them the glorious privilege of sweeping over the ice with flying feet. Beautiful and delicate girls, who shiver on ordinary days at the thought of an east wind or a rough Boreas nor'-wester, now forget all these flower-like sensibilities, and donning their furs and mittens, with skates in hand, rise suddenly and bravely to the dignity of ice and heroism. No weather, however arctic, can keep them indoors when the frozen pond, clear of snow, calls to them from his lonely bed amongst the leafless trees. And no doubt he is well pleased to bear them upon his bosom, and hear their merry laughter ringing like music in the clear, cold air above him. There is something charming and graceful, too, in the tributary presence of beautiful maidens at these winter courts of Nature.

It is not fair that summer should have all the glory to itself, and all human love and homage. Flowers, birds, sunshine, and the rich, luxuriant Flora of our beautiful country, at that season, are surely adornments enough for it. But winter, brave and magnificent as it is in its glittering apparel of ice and snow, seems to call aloud for sympathy, as if heaven had abandoned it, and needs men and women to set it off; especially the latter, who then stand in the place of the summer flowers, and make us forget them.

The old Bay State is famous for its fair skaters, who are often real proficient in the art. The country is full of noble sheets of water, and nearly every town and village in it has its pond, large enough, in most cases, to be worthy of the name of lake. An European would not scruple thus to designate Jamaica Pond, for example, which is situated within half an hour's ride of Boston by the cars, and is more than two miles in circumference. Here, in summer, the modern Athenians resort for the cool air, and the pleasures of pic-nicing on its banks amongst its tall and shady trees.

Here, also, the wealthier citizens spend the summer months in their villas overlooking the pond; now fishing on its waters, and now floating over them in pleasure boats; or rambling in the cool of the evening down the green lanes and through the fragrant pine woods in the neighborhood. And here, likewise, at this season of the year, now that the pond is frozen over, thousands of persons from Boston, Roxbury, Brookline and other adjacent places, assemble to enjoy the festivities of the winter. We paid it a visit the other day, and saw at least five thousand people taking their holiday and pleasure upon it, whilst the shores were covered with spectators. Groups of ladies were assembled here and there, some sitting and some standing on the banks, watching the gay and animated scene before them. Here the foot of a pretty girl clasped in some lover's, brother's or friend's hands, and resting on his knee, was being shod in iron, preparatory to the perilous venture of launching the fair owner of the same upon the glassy ice. Further on, some valiant Amazonian, to whom skates were as sandals, was buckling on her own war gear, and in a few minutes, without the aid of gentle or simple, she made her way down to the pond, and floated off like a swan. She was a fine skater, and we watched with pleasure the grace, and freedom, and beauty of her movements. So admirable a person, of so exquisite a figure, and such perfect art in her evolutions, seemed to marry motion to music, beauty and poetry, and indeed to embody and represent them all. Away she swept, through lines of human beings, making dense masses separate to let her pass, and attracting all eyes after her.

Every one seemed to be enjoying himself with that excess of life—that great flood of animal spirits—which skating alone can induce. Games of "shinny," racing, running, sledding, football gave animation to the scene. The ladies were as active as the rest of the company, and as fearless and excited. There was not a homely-looking girl on the ice, so fresh, bright, radiant and rosy did the air and exercise make them. They were all aglow with beauty, like Venus bursting from the sea in the midst of the morning sunlight; and we hope they won't forget the lesson, so personal to themselves, that much exercise and fresh air are necessary for the preservation of health and beauty, often the givers of both.

We saw one gentleman who was very skilful in describing mathematical figures and cutting capital letters; and another who performed the hazardous feat of leaping, on his skates (as sketched by our artist), across six feet of open water, from ice to ice.

The entire scene was very picturesque and interesting. The company was of the most motley character, and in every variety of costume. The day, too, was fine, and not too sunny, and the atmosphere most pure, exciting, and, to us, almost Bacchanalian in its influence. No need of stimulants in this champagne air of Massachusetts, which is like no other air that we have drank, either in our own country or in southern or western Europe. Neither did we see any sign of other stimulants in any one throughout the afternoon and evening. Indeed, nothing could be finer than the moral spectacle which this skating scene presented. Life full up to the brim; pleasure in every face; but no riot or disturbance, no European fights and brawls—all was decorous and well behaved; and such a people was fit to show to a despot, and teach him a new theory and practice of government.

Jamaica Pond, however, in the moonlight is one of the finest sights we have ever witnessed. The excited people, the rapid skaters, the ice tinkling like iron under their feet, the lights and shadows on the shores, the dark, tall pines, robed here and there in snow, and pendulous with icicles, the villas, the hills, the broad bosom of the pond, all combine to realize that magnificent passage on skating in Wordsworth's "Prelude," and present a picture of real enchantment.

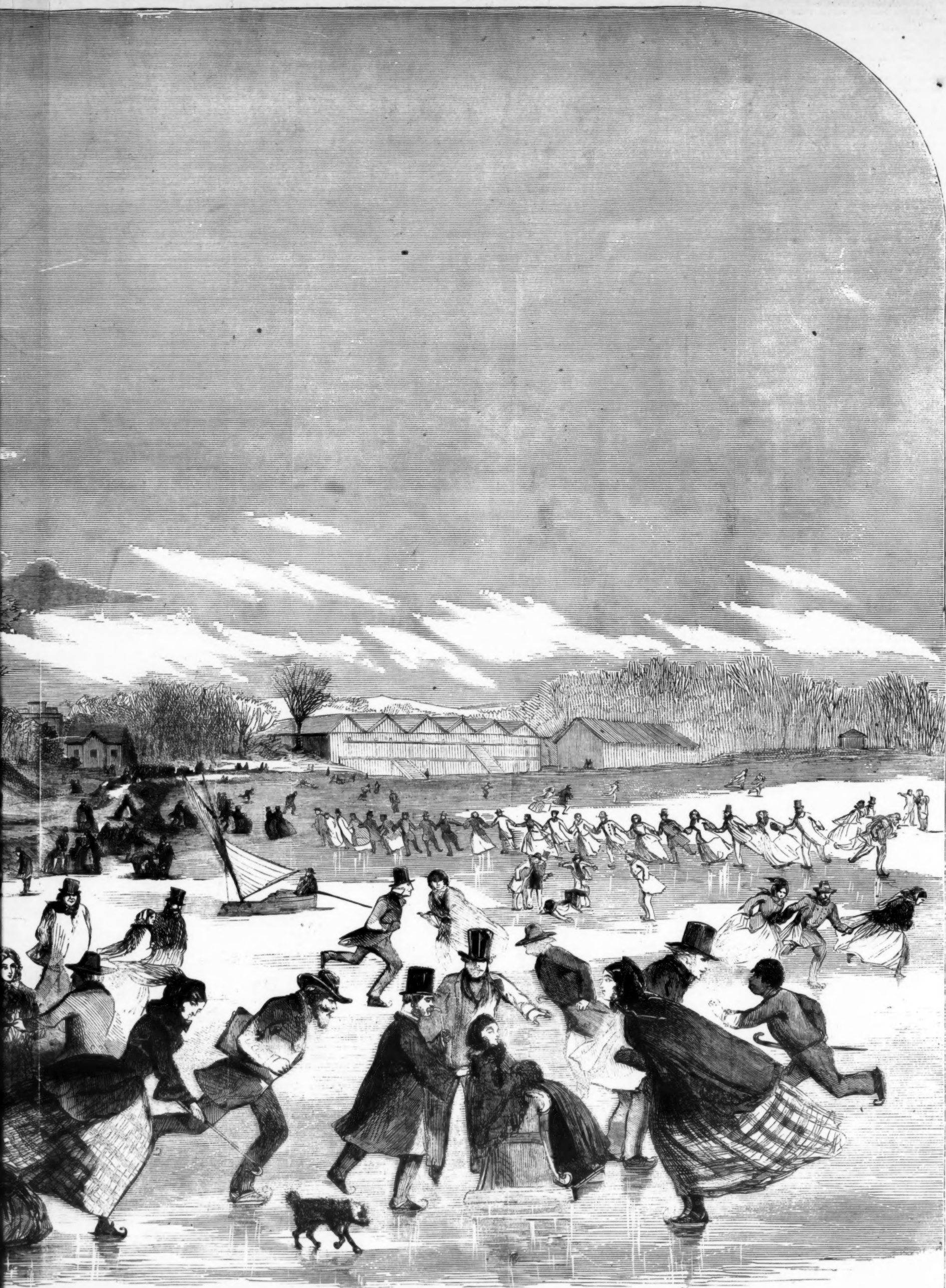
No wonder that skating is so popular and so fashionable. It is not only a healthy amusement, but it endows one with a new faculty by putting the speed of a racehorse into the feet. The movements are so easy and full of poetry and poetic suggestion that neither the skater nor the spectator is ever tired.

"And as they sweep
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds along,
The then gay land is maddened all to joy."

Poets have not failed to celebrate this art—which, as Emerson says of birds, "Give to man a kind of petty omnipresence." German and English poetry contains many allusions to it and praises of it. But Wordsworth, in the passage alluded to above, has made it immortal—a heritage for gods as well as men. The art, however, does not appear to be of great antiquity, and, compared with the primordial ice itself or with man's first acquaintance with it, it is but as a mushroom in the ancestry of human inventions. Allusion is certainly made in the Prose Edda of the Scandinavians to the "skates" of the god Uller; and no doubt that a more or less rapid way of traversing the icy regions of Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Iceland was in vogue amongst those old followers of Odin. But skating, as we now know it, is of a comparatively modern date, originating in Holland about the thirteenth century, and pursued by that thrifty people more as a business than a pleasure; their skaters, who wear the belt of ice against the competition of the world, being carriers general and "express" men for the government, not disdaining even to use their skates for warlike purposes, but equipping with them whole bodies of men, whom they have more than once employed—as in the case of the French Invasion of 1688, the era also of the British Revolution—as soldiers against the enemies of their fatherland. Holland, Germany, Russia and England are the chief European seats of this popular exercise. Ladies, however, do not much affect it in England—nor in France, where it is least common of all the countries named. In England it is a national pastime, and was first introduced there from Holland in the same century that Holland became famous for its practice. Skates, however, were very rude instruments at that time, and Hone, in his "Every Day Book," describes them as being made of bones, which were tied under the feet. So popular, however, did skating become in Britain, that improvement succeeded improvement in the fashion of these ice-shoes, or "patterns" as the English call them, until, at last, invention seems to be at a standstill, and the skate a perfect specimen of its kind. In 1760 a "skating club" was established in Edinburgh, and a similar one very shortly afterwards in London. This latter city has produced some of the most accomplished artists in Europe; and we heartily wish that our sisters over the water would adopt the practice of their sisters here and become as accomplished skaters as they are.



FASHIONABLE SPORTS IN BOSTON—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN SKATING AND SLEDDING ON JAMAICA POND, NEAR BOSTON. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY MR. A. L. WAUD, EXPRESSLY FOR F



ON. FROM A SKETCH TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY MR. A. L. WAUD, EXPRESSLY FOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE.
Great and continued triumph of
JESSE BROWN; Or, THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.
Engagement of
MISS AGNES ROBERTSON
and DION BOURCICAULT.
supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra
Chairs, \$1.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.
Return of the incomparable
RAVELS.
GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME.
assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last per-
formances in America previous to their final retirement from the stage.
Two great pieces,
KIM-KA and BIANCO.
Doors open at half past six; to commence at half past seven.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

**LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY,
NEAR HOUTON STREET.**
Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
THE ELVES; OR, THE STATUE BRIDE.
With new scenery, music, and an unapproachable cast.
Doors open at 6½; the performance will commence at 7½ o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—Incomparable American
Drama,
THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING;
OR, CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
Every Evening at seven o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday After-
noons at half past two o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,
Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

**WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR
PRINCE STREET.**
Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
A select Ethiopian Entertainment, concluding with an entirely original
sketch, by S. Bleeker, introducing a new grand Dioramic Panorama, entitled,
THE SLEIGH RIDE.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Bleeker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at
7½ o'clock precisely.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1858.

Notice to our Readers.

A GREAT NUMBER OF FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE.

THE May number of our *New Family Magazine* will be the most
splendid yet issued. It will contain the first chapters of a power-
ful and beautiful tale, written expressly for the *Magazine*, by the
distinguished and eminent author, JANUARY SEARLE, entitled,

MYRA, THE GIPSY PROPHETESS.

This exquisite story will excite universal interest. It will be
profusely illustrated.

To our lady readers *The Fashions* in our May number will be
of the highest interest. They will embrace the *authentic styles* in
all the articles of ladies' costume. Among the beautiful Fashion
Illustrations will be found numerous varieties of *Bonnets, Caps,
Dress Aprons, Mantillas, Parasols*, new and exquisite *Sleeves,
and Children's Dresses*. All these Fashions are authenticated by
the leading houses in New York, and will be the *Spring Mode*.

The illustrated articles of travel, the tales, poems, adventures,
and chapters of humor, wit and anecdote will be more than
usually attractive, and the numerous engravings will fully main-
tain the high reputation conceded to all our illustrated publica-
tions.

Our lady readers will bear in mind the May number of *Frank
Leslie's New Family Magazine*.

OUR MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING

of the

NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES

at

WASHINGTON.

We shall shortly publish this superb Picture, which will be the
LARGEST ENGRAVING EVER EXECUTED IN
AMERICA.

Our Artists have been engaged in its production for several months
past, its elaborate architectural details and numerous life figures
requiring unusual care and minute finish. Its production will be
an era in the art of Wood Engraving in America, and we feel a
little pride in presenting it to the Subscribers of FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Congress.

THE SENATE.—On Monday, March 22d, Mr. Stuart, of Michigan,
spoke at length on the Kansas question; in the course of his
remarks he severely condemned the President and General
Calhoun. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, followed with a Lecompton
speech, making an elaborate defence of slavery. He was followed
on the opposite side by Mr. Broderick, of California. The Senate
then took a recess until seven o'clock, when, by agreement, Mr.
Douglas, of Illinois, though still unwell, spoke to probably the
most crowded auditory that ever assembled in the Senate chamber.
It was impossible for the messenger from the telegraph office to
gain access to the reporter for the Associated Press, so dense was
the crowd. Mr. Douglas spoke for three hours, and was followed
by Mr. Toombs in an exceedingly sarcastic speech in reply. On
Tuesday Mr. Green, of Missouri, replied to Mr. Douglas and Mr.
Stuart; he maintained that the Lecompton constitution was by
law and equity to be regarded as the expressed will of the people
of Kansas. After some remarks from Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, Mr.
Crittenden, of Kentucky, and Mr. Houston, the Lecompton Bill
passed the Senate—Yeas 25; Nays 33. On Wednesday Mr.
Seward presented the anti-Lecompton resolutions passed by the
Legislature of New York. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, intro-
duced a bill to facilitate the communication with Utah by tele-
graph. Mr. Gwin proposed to take up the Pacific Railroad Bill.
On Thursday the Anti-Slavery resolutions of the State of Maine
were presented. Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, unsuccessfully endea-
vored to take up the Army Bill. The reception of Minnesota
into the Union was then discussed *pro and con*, when the Senate
went into executive session.

THE HOUSE.—On Monday, after some reference to the Walcott

and Matteson cases, Mr. Iverson, of Virginia, made a Lecompton
speech. Mr. Bishop, of Connecticut, followed on the same side.
Mr. Pottle, of New York, in opposition. Speeches were also made
by Messrs. Morris and Kellogg, of Illinois, and Abbott, of Maine.
On Tuesday Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, finished his speech against
Lecompton. Mr. Singleton, of Mississippi, spoke in favor of it,
Mr. Howard, of Michigan, against it, Mr. Barnett, of Kentucky,
in favor of it, Mr. Blair, of Missouri, against Lecompton, Mr.
Wortendyke, of New Jersey, would vote for Lecompton, and
Mr. Potter, of Wisconsin, would not vote for it. Wednesday,
Mr. Clark, of Missouri, replied to Mr. Blair. Mr. Granger, of
New York, Mr. Horace F. Clark, of New York, and Mr. Kellogg,
of Indiana, spoke against Lecompton. Mr. Stewart, of Mary-
land, spoke in favor of Lecompton, and Mr. Buffington, of Mas-
sachusetts, against it, when the House adjourned. On Thursday
Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, proposed that a day should be named
to take up the Senate Kansas Bill. Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, pro-
posed that it should be at once. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois,
and others objected; then Mr. Stephens named Tuesday,
April 6. Mr. Campbell suggested next Tuesday (March 30).
Eventually Mr. Stephens withdrew his suggestion with the
understanding that a day would be agreed upon. Mr. J.
Glancy Jones ineffectually tried to report a bill regulating the
mode of collecting the revenue. The House went into Committee
of the Whole on the Deficiency Bill, and discussed the Kansas
question. Mr. Peyton, of Kentucky, made a Lecompton argu-
ment. Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, spoke on the other side.
He said there could be no peace in Kansas with the Lecompton
fraud forced upon the people. Mr. Reilly, of Pennsylvania,
advocated Lecompton. Mr. Thayer, of Massachusetts, said that
all the blame or cause of disunion attaches to the slave power
which has so long controlled the Democratic party. Mr. Ste-
phens announced that he will, on Thursday (April 1), move to
take up the Senate Kansas Bill. After considerable comparison
of views, it was understood and agreed that the bill shall on
that day be taken up, and that Mr. Stephens will then move the
previous question. Mr. Moore, of Alabama, made a Southern
speech, in which he said the South loved her equality more than
the Union. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, made an anti-Lecompton
speech, in which he discussed the subject at length.

Foreign.

THE restoration of the *entente cordiale* between the Governments of
England and France is complete. In the House of Commons, on
the 12th ult., Mr. D'Israeli stated that within the last hour her
Majesty's Government had received a despatch from the French
Government in answer to a despatch addressed to them by her
Majesty's Government, and he had great pleasure in announcing
to the House that those painful circumstances which had un-
happily for a time subsisted between the Governments of the two
countries had entirely terminated; they had been terminated in a
spirit friendly and honorable, and in a manner which he
believed satisfactory to the feelings, as he was sure they would
be conducive to the interests and happiness of both countries. A
pamphlet had appeared in Paris, written by a member of the
Council of State, the matter of which was calculated to calm the
irritated feelings of the French people; referring, in glowing
terms, to the Anglo-French alliance, its result, and the earnest
desire of the French Emperor for its continuance. The English
funds were dull; the demand for money was moderate, and the
Bank of England had made no change in its charges. Favorable
news from India had arrived, but the particulars had not trans-
pired at the date of the last advices. Consols were firm.
Orsini and his accomplices will certainly be executed, his
appeal having been rejected by the Court of Cassation. Though
but little is allowed to transpire through the medium of the
French papers, enough is known to show that France is in
a very disturbed state. The mind of the people is agitated; the
attempt on the life of the Emperor has awakened the remem-
brance of how he became Emperor, and the uneasy feeling natural
to people who have been humbugged manifests itself in out-
breaks all over the country, which may be likened to the mut-
tered thunder which precedes the bursting of the storm. Well
may Louis Napoleon cling to the English alliance, for without
the moral support of England the tenure of his throne were not
worth a year's purchase. The despatch from France to the Swiss
Government in regard to refugees is published. The removal
from the frontiers of Switzerland of Italian and other question-
able refugees is demanded in strong and menacing terms, and the
Swiss Government is told that if they refuse they will incur a
grave responsibility, and will have to attribute to themselves the
consequences which may be entailed. It is stated in Madrid that
the provisional President of Mexico is well disposed to settle the
difficulties of that nation with Spain. What a farce is the whole
of this business! This "provisional" President will, in all prob-
ability, be sent to the right about before the first negotiations
are discussed. The bloody war of Mexican misrule is sickening
to contemplate, and there is not a shadow of hope for a better
state of things so long as this deteriorated race has the dominant
sway. The United States, as the great power of this vast con-
tinent, is in a measure responsible to the civilized world for the
future of Mexico; and the sooner steps are taken by our Govern-
ment to regulate the internal affairs of that miserable country
the better.

The Pardoning Power.

AGAIN has the Executive stepped in to snatch the criminal from
avenging justice. Maurice O'Connell, convicted of a double
crime too horrible to contemplate, and sentenced to be hung,
will cheat the gallows of its due. The clemency of the Gov-
ernor has commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life, thus
affording a future Governor an opportunity, at the solicitation
of this ruffian rowdy's political friends, to let loose upon the com-
munity one who in mere youth was a hardened and brutal
criminal. The jury's "recommendation to mercy" is the
Governor's plea and excuse; but in face of the horrible facts of
this revolting crime, their recommendation should have availed
as nothing. We confess to but little faith in the infallibility of
juries, as they are constituted now-a-days. Society is so cut up
into parties, so many secret orders, each sworn to protect its
members, exist, that the integrity of the jury box may well be
doubted, if it has not altogether passed away. The office of the
juror seems now to be, first, to find a verdict according to facts;

and second, to find a means to render that verdict of no avail by
robbing it of its wholesome and merited severity.

The Executive holds the discretionary power to affirm or com-
mute the sentence. A sense of stern justice should decide his
course. The mere recommendation to mercy should not divert
the course of justice, but that and palliating circumstances com-
bined should be of sufficient weight to demand the act of clem-
ency. In the case of O'Connell there is no such combination,
and it is to be regretted that the punishment due to such criminal
enormity should be commuted, by the unwillingness of the
Executive to assume the responsibility of carrying out the sen-
tence according to the facts of the case.

The Religious Revival.

WHEN the managers of the playhouse find that their business is
falling off, they set to work to get up a "revival." They ad-
vertise and they puff and force notoriety through every chan-
nel, and the public revives, and lo! it is a revival. It is not a
steady and rational increase of love for the dramatic art, but a
feverish, unhealthy and evanescent excitement, that flares and
flashes and dies out, smothered by the ashes of discontent and
satiety, and leaving the art in a more sickly and hopeless con-
dition than before the "revival." It is much the same, we
fear, with "religious revivals," which have enjoyed a career of
extraordinary popularity within the past few weeks, and which
have been paraded with indecent partiality in the profane
papers of the day. They are totally opposed to the essence of
true religion; they shock the sense of those who sincerely believe
and ground their faith in something more than mere momen-
tary excitement and temporary madness. They are the gaudy
bait thrown out to catch the weak and imbecile, and afford a
means to the interested and the simulator to parade their holi-
ness in the sight of the community, and lift the bushel from off
of their light, that it may be seen and admired of the faithful.
These "revivals" may increase the number of pew renters in
churches, but we may reasonably doubt if they will profit reli-
gion much. Rational beings do not take religion as children
take measles, nor do they manifest its blessed workings like
those who rave and foam at the mouth under the curse of
hydrophobia.

This age of wonderful excitement turns up the dregs and lees
of everything. We can afford to laugh at most of the secular
momentary madnesses, but we have graver thoughts when we
see ministers of religion, learned and respectable men, lending
their countenance to a movement which encourages a morbid
excitement, and fevers the blood without teaching the heart
and the intellect.

CURRENT ITEMS.

- A Chicago paper has an advertisement forty columns long, of lands in that city delinquent for taxes.
- The United States store-ship Relief, in commission at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, will soon be ready for sea.
- The Glover Incorporation of Perth have purchased, with the purpose of repairing and preserving it, the house mentioned by Sir Walter Scott as the residence of Simon Glover, father of the "Fair Maid of Perth."
- The Savannah *Daily Georgian* says that Col. Thomas Alsop was seen in that city by an English gentleman.
- Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, is reported to have abandoned the stage for the purpose of opening a wine and liquor store in Chicago.
- Capt. Van Vleet, United States Quartermaster at Fort Leavenworth, arrived in St. Louis lately, from Washington.
- M. Adolphe Odier, son of the Paris banker, and brother-in-law to the late Gen. Cavaignac, is about to marry Mlle. Rousset, a wealthy heiress.
- It is said that Major Recter has had a "talk" with Billy Bowlegs and the other chiefs of Florida, and expresses entire confidence in his ability to induce the Indians to emigrate.
- The United States sloop-of-war Constellation, Commander Bell, was at Messina on the 15th ult.
- Mrs. Parker died in Newburyport, Mass., at the advanced age of ninety-two. She leaves two children (twins) who are seventy-five years old.
- The Belvidere Woollen Co., at Lowell, is now engaged in the manufacture of flannel for the new Balmoral or scarlet petticoat.
- The courthouse of Savannah, Georgia, and all the records of Lee county, were recently destroyed by fire. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.
- Ex-President Fillmore is in Albany, with his lady, stopping at the Schuyl-er Mansion, which has been leased to John Tracy, Esq.
- The U. S. sloop-of-war Plymouth, at the Washington Navy Yard, went into commission on the 17th. She will proceed to sea, with the midshipman of the Annapolis Naval School, and make a six months' cruise to the Mediter-ranean.
- Dr. Livingston and his companions of the African Exploring Expedition have sailed for Africa on board the steamer Pearl.
- At a late special meeting of the Board of Education, \$5,000 were appro- priated for repairing the shaking walls of Ward School No. 40.
- The Jersey City Common Council have passed an ordinance requiring shows and circuses to pay a license fee of \$50. The penalty for exhibiting without a license is \$100.
- No less than thirty paupers left the Albany Alms-House, the other day, for the purpose of going into the country and engaging in spring work.
- Miss Abby Gardner, daughter of the former Postmaster of Hingham, who was poisoned by his wife, has been appointed Postmaster there; Mr. Siders, who held the office for her till she had reached the age of twenty-one, having resigned.
- The importation of Indian corn from Puerto Rico to Havana has opened with great success. The produce is said to be of superior quality, and to com- mand the highest prices.
- The Harmony Mills, of Cohoes, have commenced work again, paying 12½ per cent more than before the late strike.
- A brother of Ben, the Hungarian, is in this country on his way to visit relatives in Iowa. He is covered with scars, acquired in thirty-two years ser- vice in European wars.
- A fine boy was recently left at the rooms of the Sons of Malta, in Boston, by some one unknown. The Sons have resolved to become fathers to the boy, and educate him to become a member of the order.
- The Virginia Historical Society has elected the Hon. William C. Rives President for the ensuing year.
- The monument now preparing in Boston to the memory of Booth, the tragedian, will be ready for delivery next month, and is to be placed in the cemetery at Baltimore.
- An important branch of manufacture at Marseilles is the production of oil from peanuts. For soap-making it is preferable to all other oils. The shell is not removed, but is crushed with the kernel.
- The Dublin papers are teeming with enthusiastic notices of a young American actor, bearing the name of "Ireland Ravenswood," who has recently appeared in that city. Who is he?
- Col. Fremont and family left for California in the Star of the West, for a few months' absence.
- Nathan Smith, of this city, has received a letter from New Haven, his former residence, enclosing \$25 in bank bills, and a scrap of paper inscribed "Restitution." No other mark appears.
- The Mayor of Louisville has ordered the arrest of Travis, who had adver- tised to shoot an orange from the head of a boy there, on a wager of \$1,000.

Complaint was made by the citizens, who were incensed at this wanton trifling with human life.

— A "Great Exhibition" for the year 1861 is spoken of in England.

— A duel was recently fought near the Mississippi State Line between Capt. Mawry, of Mobile, and Capt. De Riviere. The former was not touched, and De Riviere's life was saved by a twenty dollar piece in his vest pocket, against which his antagonist's ball struck.

— The felon-poet, William L. Hyde, committed suicide in Cincinnati on the 21st ultimo, by taking a dose of arsenic.

— The three junior class students of Yale College, concerned in the affray with the firemen last February, are to be dismissed from College.

— A Court Martial has been ordered to assemble at Newport, Ky., on the 28th of April, for the trial of General Twiggs, for alleged contempt of the War Department.

— It has been stated by one of the Police Commissioners that Mr. Allsop is at present in this city.

— A correspondent from the United States steamer Powhattan, at St. Helena, says that a Connecticut slave had been captured by a British brig, having on board six hundred slaves. The health of the officers and crew of the Powhattan was excellent.

— A resolution was lately introduced into the Wisconsin Legislature, proposing to cede back to Government a large part of the State, provided Michigan follows the example, for the purpose of forming a new Territory.

— An epidemic disease, resembling typhoid, is prevailing among the students of the University of Virginia, and the Legislature proposes to appropriate \$25,000 for the enlargement and improvement of the dormitories.

— Four more bodies have been recovered from the wreck of the ship John Milton, at Montauk, among which is that of the mate, John Cottrell. These make twenty-four bodies recovered in all.

— The Louisiana State Senate has indefinitely postponed the bill for the introduction of free negroes from Africa into that State, to serve a fifteen years' apprenticeship, which is equivalent to a permanent defeat.

— Legislative prayer meetings are now being held in the Court of Appeals at Albany, and are said to be very largely attended.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

"Opening Day."

THURSDAY, the 25th, was Opening Day in the world of silk, lace and ribbons. The weather was bright, mild and propitious, and the streets wherein fashionable fair ones most do congregate were densely crowded. Broadway and Canal street in particular were literally taken by storm, and we could not but pity the forlorn condition of the unfortunate gentlemen who were engulfed in the whirlpool of erinoline, and struggled vainly to reach the by-roads. They received no commiseration from the fair forayers, however; only invidious glances which said very plainly, "What business have you in Broadway on Opening Day?"

Many fashionable establishments were thrown open, and endless were the novelties in style, shape and material that were for the first time exhibited on this eventful Thursday. There is, however, no very marked alteration in the fashions of the day. Bonnets are larger, with wider crowns and drooping fronts. A combination of velvet and chip has made its appearance, which is very brilliant and attractive. The long drooping sprays of flowers heretofore so popular are gone, and their place is taken by groups or clusters of flowers, of which anemones, geraniums, ranunculus, roses and sweet peas are much worn.

In the article of dresses a wide latitude is allowed to individual taste. Double skirts, flounces and plain robes are worn—plaiting *a la mode* is much in vogue to trim skirts, and the bodies are frequently in points, both before and behind. We have seen very rich dresses with four, six and even eight points from the waist. As far as corage goes, the basque still retains its high place in public favor. Plain waists are almost universally trimmed with movable bretelles of black lace, fringe or velvet. The sleeve most worn at present for dresses of rich, heavy material, such as silk, brocade or robes *a quilles*, is the pagoda, with two rows of plaiting *a la redite* on the reverse. The jockey sleeve asserts dominion over the lighter material of muslin, tulle and lace. Puffed sleeves, shawl-shaped sleeves and flowing sleeves are still in fashion.

There is little new in mantilla establishments. In mourning the Mayflower, half basque half mantilla, is very graceful, and it will probably be much worn in colors as well as in crapes and bombazines. The Pompadour is rich yet plain, and the Mary Stuart basquine is destined to a brilliant career.

The great variety of different and conflicting styles, however, render it next to impossible to particularize much. As usual, the becoming or unbecoming *tout ensemble* of a dress, bonnet or mantle will depend almost entirely on the taste and style of its wearer.

Fashionable Divertissements in Boston.

Tableaux, private theatricals and charitable soirées are at present the latest rage among the young aristocracy of our modern Athens. The upper-tendons of Boston have taken the starving poor by the hand, and gone energetically to work to relieve its necessities. The lovely daughters of the *beau monde* have thrown themselves into picturesque attitudes in glowing scenes, and warbled delicious music in *petite concertos* to earn \$5's and \$10's from an appreciating circle of friends, in order to gratify their charitable mania.

Having thus neatly gone through with this *role*, they of course expected the young gentlemen to do their part. Responsive to this implied appeal, some of the scions of the Bostonian nobility gave a brilliant exhibition of sabre and sword exercise, varied with single-stick, for the benefit of some deserving individual or other.

The fair audience were in raptures. Ladies are always charmed with everything that savors of battle, war and tournament, and when a vehement, though bloodless, contest is carried on by lively and handsome young gentlemen, who can blame the lovely spectators for twittering their applause, like so many bright little canary birds?

This is a novel and engaging feature of aristocratic amusement, and causes much horror and discontent among those who think the only way of being happy is to promenade stilly round a ball-room, or go solemnly through the Lancers or Evergreens. To our mind, however, there is something in it akin to the manly energy and vigor of Revolutionary days. We look on with curiosity to see what the next step will be!

Poetical Readings.

Another mania among the Boston ladies is for select classes at private residences to listen to poetical readings. This is exclusively for the amusement and instruction of ladies, as not even the shadow of a moustache or the rustle of a coat-tail is permitted in the neighborhood. A niece of Miss Sedgwick, the American authoress, and the widow of Ogden Hoffman are among the bright particular stars of this *bas-bleu* constellation.

In New York Miss Sedgwick was equally a favorite in private and exclusive circles. Many ladies gathered together at the houses of Mrs. President King, of Columbia College, Mrs. George Bancroft, Mrs. Pariah, and other leaders of the *ton*, to hear her exquisite readings. This amusement became quite popular, the ladies were in full visiting costume, and the absence of gentlemen gave the scene an air decidedly unique and *distingue*.

An Incident at St. Paul's.

At St. Paul's Episcopal Church, on Broadway, service is performed during the evenings of Wednesday and Friday. A few evenings since, soon after the commencement of the service, the large and fashionable congregation were surprised by the entrance of three Indian maidens, wrapped in their blue blankets. They paused for an instant at the door, and then advanced to the front of the altar with quiet dignity and self-possession, and knelt down to their devotions. As the solemn ceremonies drew near to a close, they rose, crossed themselves, and, saluting the altar, glided down the aisle and from the church. They are of the Caugim-waga tribe, who reside near Montreal, and are now in the city selling their trinkets, bead moccasins and baskets. Being mostly Catholics, they usually worship in the Canal street Catholic Church, but it seemed that they had observed the brilliantly illuminated church in passing by, and had entered, forgetful of form or sect, to kneel with their white sisters before the common Father of all.

Romance in the Nineteenth Century.

An incident took place in Iowa, last week, which, was it not for modern names and localities, might almost be imagined to have happened in days of chivalry and red-cross knights.

Harriet Siedler and Robert Schmidt had been engaged for more than a year; but a short time ago, the young man having come from St. Paul, Minnesota, to claim his *fiancee*, the parents of the lady interposed and forbade the match. Harriet and Schmidt were in despair, and decided that, if they could not be happy on earth, it was preferable to die together. It was accordingly arranged between the lovers that Schmidt should first shoot the girl and then dispatch himself. He executed his design, so far as the maiden was concerned, but failed to shoot himself on account of the loss of the cap of his gun. He threw himself into the river, however, and would have voluntarily met a watery grave, had he not been rescued and arrested.

The young lady expired soon after. She accused her parents of being answerable for the awful deed, and spoke most tenderly of her unfortunate lover, acquitting him of all blame to the very last.

A Man of Many Wives.

A worthy has been arrested in Philadelphia, on the charge of having wedded any quantity of wives, and after having pocketed their cash, left them, to allure some new victim.

Mrs. Prudence R. Wilson, of Manayunk, accuses him of having married her, secured her funds, and then taken French leave. We should have thought that a lady rejoicing in so suggestive a name would have been more cautious ere she surrendered her worldly wealth into the hands of the fickle swain. Another lady, who says he conferred on her, with a wedding ring, the name of Boynton, demands the \$800 of her money with which he eloped!

Mrs. Smith, his third wife, don't care so much about the man himself, if

he'll only return the \$261 and gold repeater with which he vanished. A Westchester lady says she was deserted by him after a brief honeymoon of wedded bliss. Mrs. Caugar, of Philadelphia, came very near being the fifth of this list of forlornities, but luckily escaped, and it is believed that a dozen more will soon come forward to lay claim to this miniature Brigham Young.

He is a son of Yankee-land, about forty-five years old, with black hair and beard, and ruddy complexion. We presume that both will suffer when he is made to confront his wrathful brides. Imprisonment is altogether too light a punishment for this wretch, and we hope the deluded daughters of Eve will give him no quarter.

Marriage in High Life.

Those crossing over to Brooklyn, one day last week, were surprised at a brilliant and beautiful display of flags and pennons among the Black Ball line of Liverpool packets, and at the frequent firing of salutes from cannon on board. It was on occasion of the marriage of Miss Marshall, daughter of Captain Marshall, proprietor of the line, to Mr. Appleton, of this city.

A Genuine Golden Wedding.

Another golden wedding is recorded at Massillon, Ohio—that of Mr. and Mrs. Hurstthal, which came off on the 8th inst. They are Germans by birth, but have lived in this country most of their long lives. Mr. H. was born in 1779, and his wife ten years later; they were married in 1807. They have occupied the house in which they now reside for twenty-six years, and have had fourteen children, thirty-one grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

On the occasion alluded to about two hundred invitations were given out, and a large party of friends were present. The table was magnificently set out, and exquisitely ornamented. One of the decorations was a polygon gilded column about three feet high, with each panel inscribed with the date of eras in the lives of the worthy hosts. Fourteen small flags of white satin ribbon were inscribed with the name and date of the births of the children—if dead, the flags had black borders. The grandchildren's flags were of pink satin ribbon, and the great-grandchildren of gold-colored ribbon. Above all was a magnificent bank of hot-house flowers.

Another square column of equal size, contained the names of the whole family, and there were many other minor ornaments.

The evening was spent in delightful reminiscences of auld lang syne; and on the company's taking leave, the white-headed host and hostess stood at the door, extending kind farewells and hopes that all present might also be spared to rejoice in a "Golden Wedding."

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Reminiscence of the Last Carnival Week at Paris—The Two Lovers—The Bet and the Widow.

THE *mauvaise farce* of the young Count de V—, which the Emperor reminded himself, but which the fair subject of the mystification has forgiven, forms the principal subject of gossip at our morning receptions. A young, noble and wealthy widow having inspired an "undying attachment" in the respective bosoms of two friends, both of the highest aristocracy, both members of the crack club of Paris—in short, both possessing advantages exactly of the same description—indeed, so well were these advantages balanced, that the lady had hesitated, ever since Christmas last, in pronouncing a verdict in favor of either one or the other. The subject was, therefore, amicably discussed between the pair, and ended, as usual in such cases, by a foolhardy bet. The first who could manage to salute the lady without resist-ance on her part was to have the field left to himself, the rival consenting to retire. The most arduous part of the bet consisted in the obligation to execute the bet in the presence of the other—no verbal account of the matter was to be accepted. Here was the difficulty, and both adversaries were set to racking their brains to discover the best means of executing their nefarious purpose.

The carnival was, of course, much reckoned upon, both for the happy ideas which it inspires and the resources which it offers, and the brains of our mad young adventurers were sorely taxed to invent some wily stratagem by which to carry off the prize so coveted by both. One of the *soupirants* had put his trust in a celebrated painter, the arch-mystifier of us all, and he promised us that his friend should not put his trust in him in vain, but should most assuredly triumph. Now, this *artiste farceur* has a charming sister, married to a senator of some renown, and, becoming suddenly tender and romantic concerning his little nephews and nieces, he coaxed his sister into the idea of giving a juvenile ball, at which none but the young mammas and papas of the very juvenile assembly were to be present. This idea was eagerly accepted by the *senatrice*, one of the youngest of all mammas, and the most fitted to spoil a score of children, and immediately cards were issued to all the juveniles of her acquaintance, "with permission to bring their parents, if the latter had behaved well and were not in disgrace." The only favor asked by the artist was the permission to bring *two farceurs* of equal talent to himself, to amuse the children, and, upon a perfect understanding that no serious mystification was to be ventured upon, the favor was granted. The two friends—for the strictest honor reigned between them—had chosen, by advice of the artist himself, a dress much in vogue at the masked balls of the year—that of an English baby—snow-white cap, with lace border and big cockade, short frock, and long blue sash, sleeves looped up, and coral necklace, white pinafore, and baby shoes and socks! Herein lay the hope of success. Under pretence of amusing the tiny company by their adult absurdity, they possessed a magnificent chance of obtaining a laughing salute, with the rest of the supplicants, from the lady in question, who was overjoyed at the prospect of pleasure, for the little daughter would be sure to come to the ball.

Everything was prepared, the costumes tried on and made to fit in the artist's painting-room, and both aspirants seemed equally sure of success. The evening arrived, and but one of the pretenders was true to the *rendezvous*. The other sent an excuse, saying that he should be detained until late; but if, in the meantime, his friend had obtained the coveted favor, he should consider the artist's testimony equal to his own, and abandon the game to his more fortunate friend. The latter was delighted, and went off with the artist in high glee.

Madame de M— was there, sure enough, the admired of all beholders. She laughed heartily at Monsieur de C—'s absurd appearance, and when the dancing began, joined in the absolute war of merriment which his awkward capers occasioned. The friend arrived not, nor did he make his appearance even at the supper, which was to conclude the *fête* with the Christmas tree, in use on these occasions. The latter was wheeled in, and still he came not. "So much the better," thought the friend, "because when we say good night, then will be the moment to win." The tree was so magnificent that all the servants of the house were employed to drag it in. The shouts of the children and the delight of the mothers may be well imagined. It was covered with glittering ornaments, and so thickly graced with leaves, that many people thought it must be a Dutch cut yew-tree, while to others it looked marvelously like an English Jack-in-the-green. The moment of distribution arrived.

Every fond mother drew near, and the more helpless little ones were held up by them to gather the golden fruit upon the topmost boughs. Madame de M— approached with the rest; her little *marmot*, more ambitious than the others, insisted upon the treasure most out of reach. The lovely widow bent forward to attain one of the highest, and presently drew back with a terrific scream, which spread itself through the ranks of the juveniles in most dolorous pitch, and spread universal terror. Monsieur de V— stood revealed beneath the green-coloring of the artificial tree, and had won the prize, to the great astonishment of the artist and his friend, the real indignation of the lady of the house, and the feigned anger of the fair object of the contest. It was, however, that the affair was taken seriously in high quarters, and that Monsieur de V— has been taken to task for this *planterie de mauveurs de nuit*—which, with more *mauvais goût*, it is thought by society in general, has been treated as a grave affair, instead of being allowed to pass off as a harmless *farce de saison*. It is generally supposed that the end of it will be the marriage of the widow and her ingenious lover; for she is not one to feel anger long, nor to remain in-sensible to wit and boldness, in whatever shape they may present themselves.

A Warlike Present from the Queen of England to the Emperor of France.

The nine-pounder brass field-piece, with limber and ammunition wagons, intended as a present from her Majesty to the Emperor Napoleon, having been completed, was recently inspected at Woolwich by numerous visitors. The gun itself is the most perfect specimen yet turned out from the royal gun factories, and the ironwork of the carriages is so highly polished as to have the appearance of silver. The timber is oak, grained and varnished, and the vehicles are, in every respect, beautiful specimens of workmanship.

The Royal Jewels recovered by the Hanoverian from the English Government.

The exhibition of the crown jewels restored by England to Hanover, including the magnificent ruby, is to be confined, for the two days announced, to the noblest and privileged classes. There is no intention, we believe, of making it what we understand in America by a public exhibition. It is more in the way of a public proof of the restoration. As they are at present arranged, they lie under a glass case on a table covered with scarlet velvet and profusely ornamented with gold, the surface of the table rising concentrically to an elevated point in the centre. On this apex lies the ornament of brilliants, somewhat larger than a crown piece, which the Queen was in the habit of wearing in her hair on grand occasions. Beneath this ornament there hang suspended from pins two earrings, each composed of a single brilliant of the size of a small walnut, the hinder face of which is incrustated with small brilliants, in the fashion of the last century. In addition to these, there is the old diamond tiara, consisting of nine joints, in a very old-fashioned setting. Most of the diamonds which originally composed this ornament have fallen out in the course of the century and a half of its existence, but have been carefully replaced in England, and fastened with wax on to the metal foundation that forms the body of the tiara. In the centre is the well-known Cumberland diamond, valued at 120,000 thalers (£18,000). On the west side of the table, opposite the above-mentioned, is a necklace composed of thirty-five *solitaires*, a cross of seven ditto, and two ear pendants containing each four *solitaires*. These fifty stones are each of the size of a bean. Above this necklace, &c., there are two bows about four inches in diameter, incrustated with brilliants of the size of a pea. A pearl necklace, with a large *solitaire* as a clasp, lies on another side. Scattered around the first-mentioned head ornament lie the parts of another taken to pieces, in which the precious stones are set to imitate flowers, yellowish brilliants forming the flowers and emeralds the leaves. There are also on the south side the brooch which belongs to the diamond tiara, and

six other brooches in the form of bows, besides various loose brilliants lying folded in paper. The entire value is estimated at 800,000 thalers (£120,000).

The Terrible Duel in Prussia.

It seems that the duel at Koenigsberg arose from the refusal of Lieutenant Jauchmann's parents to receive General de Flehve's son at their house. The general demanded an explanation, and asked if the son shared the sentiments of the parents. The lieutenant declined at first to answer this question, but, on being pressed, declared his views were the same. The general then passionately exclaimed that a duel *a mort* must ensue. The lieutenant laid the affair before the Council of Honor of his regiment, to whom all such cases are generally submitted as an exoneration for their conduct, whatever may be decided on. The council exerted themselves to obtain an arrangement, but the general declared, he, as a general, was the best judge of his own actions, and declined a reconciliation. Pistol and eight paces were then agreed upon, the lieutenant obtaining the right of first fire. At the *barriere* the lieutenant hesitated to fire first, when the general exclaimed "Was soll dass heissen?"—What does this mean, sir? fire! The lieutenant still declined, when the five officers present as council and the seconds declared the general might fire first, which he did without hesitation, hitting the lieutenant in the jaw, which was shattered, the bullet finally lodging in the neck. For an instant he staggered, but, advancing to the *barriere*, fired, and shot the general through the heart. The excitement caused by this event is intense, but the blame seems to fall entirely on the superior officer.

Mosaic Items.

A report was spread through Paris which had given great annoyance to the authorities. It was said that a young Italian gentleman, whose domicile had been visited by the police, had been killed in defending certain letters in his possession. The officers are said to declare that the young man, on finding the letters seized, had stabbed himself, and that they are thereby guiltless of his death. The letters thus conveyed away by the commissaire prove to be written by a lady, whose husband, notoriously jealous, had inspired this resolution in the bosom of the Italian—to defend her honor with his life.

Rothschild, upon hearing of the marriage of the Princess de B—, who merely carries to her husband a dowry of 150,000 francs a year, was visibly affected, and, after several sighs, exclaimed, "Poor children! two more victims to the folly of 'frugal marriages!'"

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA—FRY'S LEONORA.—Were we to act the part of an antiquary, and dig among the bones of the dead composers, we could bring such an array of rifled skeletons as accusing witnesses against this opera of "Leonora," that there would be but little left for Mr. Fry to claim. But it is unnecessary, for there can be but little doubt that the question of "Leonora" is settled for the present. It has made its little show; it will be allowed to rest quietly in the future, and will not be disturbed until the works of Bellini and Donizetti, from whence it was chiefly derived, are forgotten. We do not deny to Mr. Fry the possession of ability. He has a certain amount of talent, but every evidence goes to prove that it is imitative, and not creative. He selects the school in which he will write, and follows his models so closely, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the imitation from the original. Those *tenors* which are the least open to the charge of plagiarism are frivolous in the extreme; therefore takes the place of passion, and the eternal thundering of the brass instruments supplies the deficiency of earnestness and intensity. We cannot characterize the music otherwise than as a dead level of unbroken flatness—a wearisome length of sameness. All the characters sing the same style of music; the parts might be transposed, without injury to the sentiment of the arias, for no *fiducynacy* exists to indicate the unfitness of such a transposition. From one who writes prose with such irregular strength, with such erratic force, we expect some emotional bursts, some uncurbed outbreaks of passion, that would indicate a degree of intellectual fervor and vital strength; but alas! the fervor and strength were only to be found in the perspiring trombones, whose mighty effort covered up everything in a brassy glare.

The chief want in "Leonora" is originality. We do not think the opera contains any new thought; not one undelivered inspiration of the composer's brain. The struggle seems to have been how, by turning one note up and another down, to cover up a too glaring similarity. With the exception of the concerted pieces in the chapel, which is very pleasing, there is not an evidence of spontaneity. The instrumentalists are especially defective; it has no repose. It contains many pleasing and cleverly constructed subjects, but we are sorely interested before the inevitable "brass" walks in and assumes the entire responsibility. For music, so to speak, so frivolous a character, the instrumentation is altogether too heavy and elaborate. Masses of harmony and forced and labored counterpoint weigh down and hamper the superficial melody. They are yoked together as absurdly as though we were to harness an elephant to a cockle shell. But the crowning and pervading error is the excessive and overpowering din; it is utterly meaningless, unless the intention be to cover up the want of sense in the loudness of the sound.

We do not doubt that Mr. Fry could do better now if he were to try his hand. He has gained much experience, and it is probable that he would throw off the trammels of the Italian models, and show something of his real nature, which, though it might be less palatable than even "Leonora" to the public, would, at least, be some advance in individual thought. As it is, we have gained nothing by the production of "Leonora" but weakened reminiscences of things by far too familiar.

ENSEL'S CLASSICAL QUARTETTE SOIREE.—The fourth of these delightful soirées took place at Dodworth's Academy, on Tuesday evening, March 2d. There was an unusual large attendance of the best amateurs and professors of the city. We were delighted to see so large an audience, for it proves that good and classical music has still many lovers among us. The quartette, by Schumann, was admirably played, but we confess that we were not greatly interested in the composition. The trio, by Schubert, in which Mr. Gustave Satter performed the pianoforte part, is a clever work, but is somewhat tedious from the endless repetitions of *temas*, neither too pleasing nor too original. There is a want of breadth in the thought, and but little freshness of conception in this quartette. It is morbid in feeling and sentimentally pretty. Mr. Satter interpreted his part with much facility of execution, but we were disappointed in the spirit of his performance. It lacked soul, and was devoid of earnestness. It impressed us with the idea that he was desirous to show how very easy it was for him to play it, and in effecting his end, an air of nonchalance, utterly incompatible with sentiment or passion, was the result—a most undesirable result, to our mind.

The other instrumental selection was Mozart's charming quartette, in G No. 1. This was the most delightful feature of the *soiree*, and was most deliciously played. The quartette excelled itself upon this occasion, and won the applause and admiration of the audience.

We must compliment Miss Brautner for her singing upon this occasion. We never heard her to such advantage. She was in excellent voice, and sang with judgment and intelligence. She has greatly improved since we last heard her.

This was the forty-third concert of the series. Mr. Eisfeld has indomitable courage, and his perseverance in the cause of quartette music has resulted in its establishing his soirées as a recognized musical institution of the city. We owe much to Mr. Eisfeld for his self-sacrifice in working out this end, and we hope that he meets with a remunerative result, and that he will long continue his delightful soirées.

DRAMA.

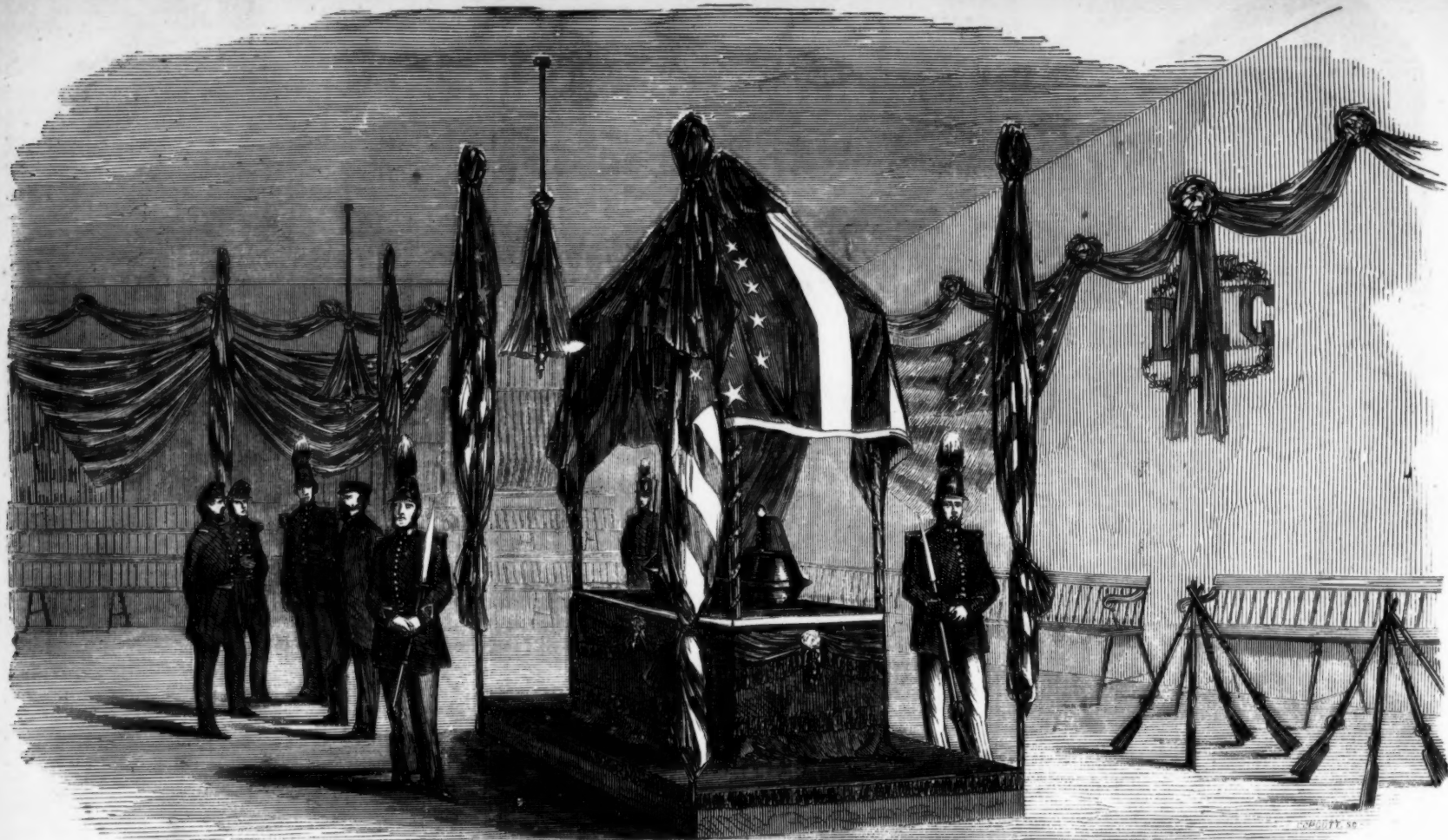
LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—After a week of varied and excellent performances, Miss Keene has reproduced "The Elves," which had such a splendid run of success last year, owing to her wonderful impersonation of the Marble Statue. There is no one on the American stage who could offer the intense rivalry to Laura Keene in this character—it is a flash of genius, and impresses all who see it as such. We have no doubt but that it will have another long and successful run. To all who delight in a close and accurate delineation of nature, we commend the study of Laura Keene's impersonation of the statue in "The Elves."

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—We can only repeat what we said last week of this establishment. The thrilling and beautiful drama of "Jessie Brown; or, the Siege of Lucknow," is still performed nightly, with the charming Agnes Robertson and Dion Bourciault in the principal characters; the houses continue to be crowded to overflowing, and the rush for seats is as great as ever. It has proved a splendid theatrical hit, and reflects credit on the ability of the author, actors and the tact of the manager. We see no end at present to "Jessie Brown," for of course it will be performed as long as its attractiveness is undiminished. Meanwhile, "The Mormons; or, the Revolt of the Harem," is in preparation, and will doubtless create as great an excitement as "Jessie Brown."

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The old *furore* about the Ravens has had a "revival." The knowledge that they will soon be lost to the world of amusement for ever has aroused all their old admirers, for all who have seen them in years gone by wish to see them once more, and so the excitement is kept up, and the garden is crowded. During their last public engagement, the Ravel family will appear in all their best and most popular characters, and from the limited nature of their contract but few repetitions can be allowed, so that those who desire to see some particular piece should go when it is announced, and not wait for the chance of its repetition.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The new and thrilling sensation drama at the Museum is fairly launched upon the sea of popular favor; it is the commencement of a long career of success, and will prove the second great hit of the season. It is well worth a visit from all who desire to be interested and moved by witnessing life incidents worked up with consummate dramatic skill. The scientific and beautiful Aquarium is daily gaining in public favor; it is becoming generally known, and its attractiveness increases the better it is understood.

WOOD'S BUILDING.—The new feature introduced into this establishment has made a great hit. A large sleigh filled with merry fellows, among them George Christy and George Holland, occupies the stage, while a panoramic view of Broadway up to Bloomingdale passes slowly along. The merry party is taking a sleigh ride, and the fun is loud and uproarious. It is a capital idea, and the audience relish it immensely. The panoramas are admirably painted, and the whole thing is a stroke of clever management. The usual and excellent minstrelsy adds to the enjoyment of the evening, which must be great if crowded and laughing audiences are an evidence of the fact.



THE ARMORY OF THE DAYTON LIGHT GUARD, COMPANY E, FIRST REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEERS, WITH THE BODY OF DR. HENRY F. KOEHNE, REGIMENTAL SURGEON, LYING IN STATE, MARCH 8, 1858.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBINSON AND SEEDORF.

DR. HENRY F. KOEHNE—THE DAYTON LIGHT GUARD.

DR. KOEHNE was originally a member of the Light Guard, and appointed from that corps upon the regimental staff. He died at Marianna, Florida, whither he had gone for the benefit of a mild climate, on the 8th of February last. His body was brought home, reaching Dayton on the 6th of March. It lay in state at the Light Guard armory until the morning of the 9th, when the funeral ceremonies were performed. The funeral procession, consisting of the military, masons, medical societies, firemen and citizens, was half a mile in length.

Dr. Koehne, though but twenty-five years old at the time of his decease, was of remarkable ability and great promise in his profession. His acquirements were varied and brilliant. He was the master of six languages and also possessed a fine musical taste, carefully improved and developed by cultivation. He had been associated with Dr. Clements in the Ohio South-western Lunatic Asylum, a State institution, and also in private practice with that eminent physician. He was respected and admired by all who knew him, but by his friends he was especially beloved.

The Dayton Light Guard is one of the six fine light infantry companies which compose Colonel King's First Regiment Ohio Volunteers. The uniform of this elegant corps consists of a dark blue frock coat, light blue pantaloons, black belts, caps United States regulation pattern, and blue and white plume. It is commanded by Captain Hughes. Its armory is a large hall one hundred by forty feet, in third story of Phillips' Building, corner of Main and Second streets.

THE DANCE OF THE BELLOWES, ON ASH WEDNESDAY, AT UZES.

IN many of the villages scattered throughout France, the close of the carnival is celebrated by the destruction of a little image or effigy, which goes in Languedoc by the name of *Caramantran*, which is a corruption of words signifying "Lent is coming." It is either drowned, hanged, or burned, according to the custom which generally prevails in each particular settlement.

Uzes is a fine old French town, situated on the shores of the Auzon, in the department of Gard. It is chiefly noted for its manufactures of silk, woollen, &c., and boasts an old episcopal palace, and a fine turreted and battlemented castle among its curiosities. Here all the ceremonies of the carnival are religiously observed together with many little local additions, which are peculiar to Uzes alone.

Here, also, prevails the system of incrimination, which is accompanied by a special dance, whose origin dates back many generations.

The *Bouffetiers*, or bellows-carriers, who form the chief part of the *Caramantran's* escort, may be seen all over the town, from a very early hour in the morning, forming themselves in long files. Their dress consists of full white trowsers, a coarse shirt worn over, to correspond, and a towering and grotesque cap of white cotton. Every one is armed with a huge pair of bellows, and in this ludicrous costume, they assemble for the procession. When, at length, the spirited tones of the tambour, beating a special *faran-dole* or provincial dance, fall on the ears of the populace, they simultaneously break into a wild and irregular dance, of which our

engraving may give some faint idea. One of the figures consists in the dancers following one another in hot chase, each discharging blasts of air from a pair of rapidly worked bellows, on those who may happen to precede him. The outside stragglers of this procession take especial delight in making sudden sallies at the spectators who have been attracted too near the line, by idle curiosity. The women in particular are assaulted by puffs of the bellows, and fly laughing and shrieking in all directions. If any luckless dog falls in the way of the dancers, he is obliged to retreat precipitately, under the impression that a whirlwind is abroad.

Each participator in this wild carnival of mirth wears a hideous mask; in which every feature is distorted in the most ludicrous manner. Great gaiety and good feeling prevail throughout the whole ceremony, and it continues until the heroes of the bellows join the *Caramantran* procession.

This singular custom is exclusively local to Uzes, and is practised in no other place.

BURTON'S THEATRE AND THE DAILY PRAYER-MEETINGS THEREIN.

Observed by Doesticks.

THE stranger who strays into Burton's Theatre in Chambers street, on one of these bright spring days, is at first puzzled to know whether he has got into a church that has suddenly waked up and found itself transformed into a theatre; or whether he has fallen on the strange anomaly of a theatre that is doing its best to sprout into a church. This edifice is now used for a "business-men's prayer-meeting," that is held there daily for one hour in the middle of the day. The parquette, the dress circle, the gallery, the private boxes, the orchestra, the proscenium, and the drop-curtain are all of the theatre, theatrical; but the white neckcloths, the sanctimonious visages, the hymn books and the small editions of the New Testament that are plentifully scattered about, are of the meeting-house, meeting-housy. The orchestra, from which the fiddles were wont to discourse such sweet sounds, the flutes to tinkle out their soft-voiced melodies, the drums and cymbals to send forth their crashing din, and the brazen trumpet to raise its blatant voice, is now filled with newspaper reporters, who, as they note down with ready pencil the proceedings, make running comments about the leaders of the meeting, whom they call, "the old buffer in the white choker," "the grim old reprobate in the seedy breeches," "the saint with the big nose," and otherwise characterize them in descriptive terms more expressive than complimentary.

The dress-circle is filled with ladies, some of whom have a look of seriousness on their faces, but the greater part of whom are staring about, taking particular note of every person that comes in, and of every incident that occurs, and being evidently much more affected by the novelty of a devotional meeting in a theatre than by any special regard for their individual salvation.

The parquette is occupied by men and boys, many of whom have frequented the same spot in its former days; and there are many others of the pharisaic class who have spent their lives in abusing theatres, but who eagerly embrace the first opportunity to get inside the "devil's church," to see what it looks like. A number of these super-extra saintly persons have made speeches, more or less public, to the effect that they had never been inside a theatre before, and were glad of a chance to see what kind of a place it is.

But on the stage is the greatest change of all. The curtain is taken up, the footlights are blazing, and a pleasant forest scene set in the back, which has often in other days represented the Forest of Arden, and has been the chosen rendezvous of the "melancholy Jacques" and his jovial companions.

The old theatre-goer who is tempted to step into the house to take note of the great changes time has wrought, sighs rather sadly as he mentally runs over the catalogue of most excellent actors he has seen on that very stage. Memory recalls the rotund corporosities and unctuous voices of Burton and of Blake—the inimitable broken French, and superb old-school acting of Placide—the uproarious fun of Holland—the classic repose and dignity of E. L. Davenport—the quaint excellence of Johnston—the dashing lady-killing personations of Lester and Jordan—the stately dignity of Fisher—the exquisite drolleries of Brougham—the admirable acting of Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Buckland, Mrs. Parker, and the score of other celebrities that instantly come to mind; and, most grateful reminiscence of all, perhaps, is the one that, on this stage a New York audience first applauded the artistic delicacy and the many winning graces of Agnes Robertson, then a stranger in America.

But all is now changed. Burton has resigned, in favor of H. W. Beecher; Placide is replaced by the Rev. T. L. Cuyler; Jordan and



THE LATE DR. HENRY F. KOEHNE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBINSON AND SEEDORF.



THE DANCE OF THE BELLOWS, ON ASH WEDNESDAY, AT UZES. SEE PAGE 284.

Lester are supplanted by the Rev. Sidney Corey and the Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.; Fisher and Davenport, and Burke and Johnston are scattered, and in their places are certain reverend gentlemen rejoicing in the names of Whitehead (alas! for Placide and Elake), Fish, Morril and a score of others; the prompt-book is usurped by an enterprising reporter; the prompt-book is supplanted by the Testament; the Leader of the Orchestra has departed with his fiddle and his bow, and the vacancy is filled by a sanctimonious personage in spectacles, "who starts the hymn" and "leads the singing" to some good old Methodist tune. No more stormy overtures, but "Joy to the world, the Lord is come;" no more national airs with variations—we now hear "When I can read my title clear;" no more polkas and schottisches and waltzes, but the grave and serious hymns, beginning "Children of the Heavenly King" and "Salvation, O the joyful sound," and "Return, my wandering soul, return."

"Nature's nobleman" no longer holds the stage—he is henceforth a "Stranger" to those boards. "The Lady of Lyons," "The Wife," "The Duenna," "Evadne," "The Soldier's Daughter," "The Maid of Croissey," and the other estimable ladies once so well known in this place, have all left for parts unknown, and the only familiar drama now acted in the theatre is a new version of "The Serious Family."

Either the prompting of genuine religious fervor, or curiosity to attend a prayer meeting in a theatre, crowds this house every day. Hundreds are unable to obtain admission even into the lobby, and unless ladies are present an hour or two before the beginning of the meeting, they have no chance for seats.

The exercises are conducted very much as other prayer meetings, and when the dense audience has packed itself into the smallest possible space, and the stage is full of visitors, and there is no fear of interruptions, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher rises from his place in front of the footlights and gives out the hymn; the leader of the singing, who also has a place on the stage, immediately starts the tune, and the whole congregation join in and sing with all their might. Then a prayer is made by some one on the stage. Then some one makes a short speech, or exhortation, or recital of religious experience; but no speech or prayer is to take more than three minutes' time. Should any person transgress this rule, he is at once called to order by the director of the meeting. If a brother prays more than the allotted time, it is not considered exactly proper to call him to order; but if he appears disposed to go on too long, somebody starts a hymn, the congregation join in and drown out the prosy brother; but in all cases of speech-making that over-run the time, the orators are choked off by the director without remorse.

The effect is very curious; the audience are first called on to listen to a prayer from the stage—then perhaps an exhortation from a private box; then follows a little "experience" from some pious

person in the dress circle; then a young man in the parquette will make some remarks, after which a distant voice from the third tier will be heard to say something; and then some gentleman in an orchestra chair will relate a pious anecdote, and the round will be completed by a hymn performed with unusual vigor. The audience are always quiet and orderly, and there are none of the uproarious demonstrations that used formerly to characterize revival meetings; save now and then a fervid "Amen," or a hearty "Yes, Lord," the speakers are not interrupted. There is no "anxious seat," and nobody has "the power," as in the days of the high-pressure Methodist revivals.

This is by no means the first time that a theatre in New York has been used for religious exercises. The old Chatham Theatre was occupied for many months for such a purpose, and hundreds of sermons were preached therein by Charles G. Finney, the celebrated revivalist minister, and others. Niblo's old theatre, which was burned, and which stood on the site of the present Niblo's Theatre, was occupied by a religious society for many weeks.

This "Revival of Religion," as it is technically and somewhat cantingly spoken of, which is now sweeping from one border of the country to the other, with as much seeming power as if it were a mighty irresistible tide of visible waters, instead of a wave of unsubstantial religious emotion, is something more than a mere excitement, a transitory popular enthusiasm; it is a phenomenon, and a phenomenon so marvellous, that had it occurred in earlier days, it would have been dignified as a miracle. Twenty-seven years ago there was a similar season, when a wonderful interest in religious things was awakened in many parts of the country; mainly through the agency of certain ranting fanatics, who went howling through the land, preaching utter damnation and eternal punishment to all who did not instantly repent and be converted. These men were called "Revivalist preachers," and for success in securing the attention of the people to the things of the better life, and inducing them to embrace the doctrines of the Christian faith, they relied chiefly on the persuasive influences of brimstone and blue blazes. Every one of them preached more hell-fire in a single week than their Master did in the whole course of his life. The threats of the Scripture, the awful denunciations, and the terrible examples of the Old Testament, were their constant theme; while the beauty of holiness and the ineffable love of Christ the Saviour formed little part of their discourses. Persons "connected" under such ministrations were worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, and were generally for a time in the deepest dependency, until, as the cant phrase had it, they "found a hope," when they gave way to the most frantic demonstrations of joy, and committed a thousand absurd extravagances of speech and action. It could hardly be expected that converts of this description should remain steadfast and firm in the faith; and in a very great majority of cases, as soon as the red-hot enthusiasm of the moment had cleared off, relapses and backslidings immediately supervened. Those who had been most ardent became the most violent scoffers, and the arrows of their scorn were winged with unerring surety, for none knew so well the weak points of the cause from which they had deserted. "The last state of those men was worse than the first," and if men are held responsible for evil done with good intentions, then the old-fashioned Revivalist ministers have much to answer for; for few, very few of their converts were faithful unto the end.

The great movement of the present day is propelled, not by fear, but by influences of a character diametrically opposite. The Love of Christ and the excellencies of the Christian character are the chief topics of discourse. Purgatory has gone out of fashion, and Paradise is all the rage. The popular theory at present is to persuade and not to terrify, it being, under the light of modern civilization, generally admitted that it is fully as difficult to drive a sinner into Heaven as to coax him into the other place.

Quietness and earnestness are the characteristics of the present movement, and the *Business Men's Prayer Meetings* are the unique and powerful instruments by which the revival was inaugurated, the ball first set rolling. With whom originated the idea of starting a prayer-meeting to be held for an hour or even a shorter time, in the middle of the day, in places convenient to the haunts of active business men, and accessible in a minute or two from their offices or stores, we do not know. The first one was begun in the North Dutch church, corner of William and Fulton streets, and the example was immediately followed. At the present time, no business man, in whatever part of the city he is located, needs to go forty rods from his ledger to find a prayer-meeting in

operation, with a printed invitation outside for him to enter and listen to the prayers and experiences of others, and, if he so desire, take a part in the exercises himself.

There are "forty minute meetings" in the churches of Brooklyn, held between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, to intercept men on their way to their counting-rooms, and send them to their business with their thoughts on Christian Love and Charity, which is greatest of all.

The feeling seems to prevail all over the country, and it is by no means limited to those denominations which have been considered as especially given to indulge in religious excitements, but on the contrary, it embraces almost every form of church organization. The numbers of the converted cannot be at present estimated, for the movement is probably yet in the vigor of its prime. Whether the true measure of the good it may accomplish is to be ascertained by merely counting noses is somewhat doubtful. But "it is very certain," it has been truly remarked, that "the religious revival of 1858 is so remarkable for its simultaneous magnitude, that it will be pointed to hereafter as one of the epochs of the century."

DAVENPORT DUNN: A MAN OF OUR DAY.

By Charles Lever.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUEN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—EXPLANATIONS.

WHAT a sad pity it is that the great faculty of "making things comfortable," that gifted power which blends the announcement with the explanation of misfortune, should be almost limited to that narrow guild in life to which Mademoiselle Annette belonged. The happy knack of half-informing and all mystifying would be invaluable on the Treasury benches, and great proficients as some of our public men are in this walk, how immeasurably do they fall short of the dexterity of the "soubrette."

So neatly and so cleverly had Annette performed her task, that when Miss Davis met Beecher at breakfast, she felt that a species of reserve was necessary as to the reasons of her father's flight, that as he had not directly com-



A MORAL SPECTACLE.

"He lived not wisely, but too well."



COMPLIMENTS WHEN GENTLEMEN MEET.

FIRST GENT.—"Ere's a call to you, Bill."

SECOND GENT.—"Vell, I ought to be a appy man, I've got the best bull terrier in the country, and a wife as can vip her veight in any man."

communicated with herself, her duty was simply to accept of the guidance he had dictated to her. Besides this, let it be remembered, she had not yet rallied from the overwhelming astonishment of her first meeting with her father, so utterly was he unlike all that her imagination had pictured him! Nothing could be more affectionate, nothing kinder, than his reception; a thoughtful anxiety for her comfort pervaded all he said. The gloomy old Tirlmont even caught up an air of home as she passed the threshold, but still he was neither in look, manner nor appearance what she fancied. All his self-restraint could not gloss over his vulgarity, nor all his reserve conceal his defects in breeding. His short, dictatorial manner with the servants—his ever present readiness to confront nobody saw what peril—a suspicious insistence upon this or that mark of deference as of a right which he might possibly be defrauded—all gave to his bearing a tone of insolent defiance that at once terrified and repelled her.

To all her eager questionings as to their future life, where and how it was to be passed, he would only answer vaguely or evasively. He met her inquiries about the families and friends of her schoolfellows in the same way. Of her pleasures and pursuits, her love of music and her skill in drawing, he could not even speak with those conventionalities that disguise ignorance or indifference. Of the great world—the "Swells"—he would have culled them—he only knew such as were on the turf. Of the Opera, he might possibly tell the price of a stall, but not the name of a singer; and as to his own future, what or where it should be, Grog no more knew than he who would be first favorite for the Legation a century hence. To "fence off" any attempt "to pump him" in the Ring, to dodge a clever cross-examiner in a court of justice, Davis would have proved himself second to none—these were games of skill, which he could play with the best—but it was a very different task to thread his way through the geography of a land he had not so much as heard of, and he was asked to act as guide through regions whose very names were new to him.

The utmost that Lizzy could glean from that long first evening's talk was, that her father had few or no political ambitions—rather shunned the great world—cared little for dukes or duchesses—nor set any great store on mere intellectual successes. "Perhaps," thought she, "he has tried and found the hollowness of them all—perhaps he is weary of public life—perhaps he'd like the quiet pleasures of a country house, and that calm existence described as the chateau life of England. Would that he were only more frank with me, and let us know each other better."

We entreat our readers to forgive us this digression, necessary as it is to show that Lizzy, whatever her real doubts and anxieties, felt bound not to display them, but accept Beecher's counsel as her father's will.

"And so we start for Aix-la-Chapelle by two?" said she, calmly.

"Yes; and I represent papa," said Beecher. "I hope you feel impressed with a due reverence for my authority."

"Much will depend upon the way you exercise it," said she; "I could very easily be a rebel if I suspected the justice of the crown."

"Come, come," said he, laughing, "don't threaten me; my viceroyship will be very short-lived—he'll perhaps be at Aix before us."

"And I suppose all my dreams of extravagance here are defeated," said she.

"Annette and I have been plotting and planning such rare devices in 'toilette,' not exactly aware where or upon whom the captivations were to be exercised. I actually revealed in the thought of all the smart fancies my pensionnat life has denied me hitherto."

There was that blending of levity with seriousness in her tone that totally puzzled Beecher; and so was it through all she said, there ran the same half-mocking vein that left him quite unable even to fathom her meaning. He muttered out something about "dresses" and "smart things" being to be found everywhere, and that most probably they should visit even more pretentious cities than Brussels ere long.

"Which means that you know perfectly well where we are going, but won't tell it. Well, I resign myself to my interesting part of 'Captivity Princess' all the more submissively, since every place is new to me, every town an object of interest, every village a surprise."

"You'd like to see the world—the real, the great world, I mean?" asked Beecher.

"Oh, how much!" cried she, clasping her hands in eagerness, as she arose. Beecher watched her as she walked up and down the room, every movement of her graceful figure displaying dignity and pride, her small and beautifully-shaped head slightly thrown back, while, as her hand held the folds of her dress, her march had something almost stage-like in its sweeping lightness.

"And how she would become it!" muttered he, below his breath, but yet leaving the murmured sound half audible.

"What are you saying, sir?" Any disparaging sentiment on school-girl conceit or curiosity?

"Something very like the opposite," said Beecher. "I was whispering to myself that Granville House and Rockley Castle were the proper sphere for you."

"Are these very splendid?" asked she, calmly.

"The best houses in England. Of their owners, one is a duke, with two hundred thousand a year, the other, an earl, with nearly as much."

"And what do they do with it?"

"Everything; all that money can have—and what is there it cannot?—is there. Gorgeous houses, horses, dress, dinners, pictures, plate, the best people to visit them, the best cook, the best deer-park, the fastest yacht at Cowes, the best hunting-stable at Melton."

"I should like that; it sounds very fascinating, all of it. How it submerges at once, too, all the petty cares and contrivances, perpetually asking, 'Can we do this?' 'Dare we do that?' It makes existence the grand, free thing one dreams it ought to be."

"You're right, there; it does make life very jolly."

"Are you very rich?" asked she, abruptly.

"No, by Jove! I poor as a church mouse," said he, laughing at the strangeness of the question, whose sincere simplicity excluded all notion of impertinence. "I'm what they call a younger son, which means one who arrives in the world when the feast is over. I have a brother with a very tidy fortune, if that were of any use to me."

"And is it not the same? You share your goods together, I suppose?"

"I should be charmed to share mine with him, on terms of reciprocity," said Beecher; "but I'm afraid he'd not like it."

"So that he is rich and you poor?"

"Exactly so."

"And this called brotherhood? I own I don't understand it."

"Well, it has often puzzled me, too," said Beecher, laughingly; "but I believe, if I had been born first, I should have had no difficulty in it whatever."

"And papa?" asked she, suddenly, "what was he—an elder or a younger son?"

It was all that Beecher could do to maintain a decent gravity at this question. To be asked about Grog Davis's parentage seemed about the drollest of all possible subjects of inquiry, but, with an immense effort of self-restraint, he said,

"I never exactly knew; I rather suspect, however, he was an only child."

"Then there is no title in our family?" said she, inquiringly.

"I believe not; but you are aware that this is very largely the case in England. We are not all 'marquises,' and 'counts,' and 'chevaliers,' like foreigners."

"I like a title; I like its distinctiveness: the sense of carrying out a destiny, transmitting certain traits of race and kindred, seems a fine and ennobling thing; and this one has not, one cannot have, who has no past. So that," said she, after a pause, "papa is only what you would call a 'gentleman.'"

"Gentleman is a very proud designation, believe me," said he, evading an answer.

"And how would they address me in England—am I 'my lady'?"

"No, you are Miss Davis."

"How meanly it sounds—it might be a governess—a maid."

"When you are married you take the rank and title of your husband—a duchess, if he be a duke."

"A duchess be it, then," said she, in that light, voluble tone she was ever best pleased to employ, while, with a rattling gaiety, she went on: "How I should love to be one of those great people you have described to me—soaring away in all that ideal splendor which would come of a life of boundless cost, the actual and the present being only suggestive of a thousand fancied enjoyments! What glorious visions might one conjure up out of the sportiveness of an untrammelled will! Yes, Mr. Beecher, I have made up my mind—I'll be a duchess!"

"But you might have all these as a marchioness—a countess—"

"No, I'll be a duchess; you shan't cheat me out of my just claims."

"Will your grace please to give orders about packing up, for we must be away soon after one o'clock," said he, laughing.

"If I were not humbly myself, I'd say, the train should await my convenience," said she, as she left the room with a proud and graceful dignity that would have become a queen.

For a few moments Beecher sat silent and thoughtful in his chair, and then burst out into a fit of immoderate laughing—he laughed till his eyes ran over and his sides ached. "If this ain't going the pace, I'd like to know what speed is!" cried he, aloud. "I wonder what old Grog would say if he heard her; and the best of the joke is, she is serious all the while. She is in the most perfect good faith about it all. And this comes of the absurdity of educating her out of her class. What a strange blunder for so clever a head to make!"

"You might have guessed, Master Grog, that she never could be a 'Plaster.' Let her only enter for a grand match, and she'll be 'scratched' from one end of England to the other. Ay, Davis, my boy, you fancy pedigrees are only cared for on the turf; but there's a Racing Calendar, edited by a certain Dobrett, that you never heard of."

Again he thought of Davis as a peer—"Viscount Davis," Baron Grog, as he muttered it, came across him, and he burst out once more into laughter; then, suddenly checking himself, he said, "I must take right good care, though, that he never hears of this same conversation; he's just the fellow to say I led her on to laugh at and ridicule him; he'd suspect in a moment that I took her that pleasant gallop—and if he did—" A long, wailing whistle finished the sentence for him.

Other and not very agreeable reflections succeeded these. It was this very morning that he had determined on "leaving," and there he was, more securely moored than ever. He looked at his watch, and muttered, "Eleven o'clock; by this time I should have been at Verviers, and on the Rhine before midnight. In four days more, I'd have had the Alps between us, and now here I am without the chance of escape; for if I bolted and left his daughter here, he'd follow me through the world to shoot me!"

He sat silent for some minutes, and then, suddenly springing up from his chair, he cried out,

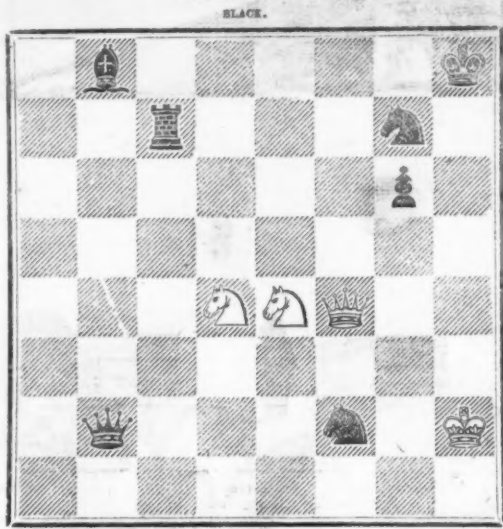
"Precious hard luck it is! but I can neither get on with this fellow nor without him!" and with this "summing up," he went off to his room to finish his preparations for the road.

(To be continued.)

CHESS.

Through the kindness of Mr. D. W. Fiske, editor of the forthcoming "Chess Tournament Book," we are happy to present to our readers a well-contested game played at the late Chess Congress between Messrs. P. Morphy and L. Paulsen. It will amply repay the student for its examination.

PROBLEM CXX.—By N. M. RACHE.—White to play and mate in five moves.



BLINDFOLD PLAYING AT THE NEW ORLEANS CHESS CLUB.—Through the kindness of Mr. T. Frère, Secretary of the Brooklyn Chess Club, we are enabled to present to our readers two games, extracted from the Chess column of the New Orleans Delta. They comprise two out of four blindfold games, played simultaneously by Mr. Paul Morphy, a few weeks since, with four of the strongest players of the New Orleans Club. The Chess editor of the above print writes as follows of Mr. P. Morphy's style of play: "He displayed to a very high degree the boldness and brilliancy of conception, the rapidity of execution and fertility of resource which he usually exhibits with the board before him, and defeated all his antagonists (four of the best players of the Club) after three hours' fighting. This severe mental labor seemed in no way to have fatigued him. We have no doubt that, with a little practice, Mr. Morphy could easily conduct seven or eight games in the same manner. We give below two of the games played on that memorable occasion, accompanied by a few explanatory notes from Mr. Morphy's own hand:—"

GAME CXXIX.—(EVANS' GAMBIT.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Morphy.	Mr. Evans.	Mr. Morphy.	Mr. Evans.
1 P to K4	P to K4	14 B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	P to Q B 3
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	15 Q to K B P (ch)	K to Q
3 K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4	16 Kt to K P (ch)	Kt to Kt
4 P to Kt 4	B to Kt 4	17 B to Kt	Q to her B 4 (e)
5 P to Q B 3	B to Q R 4	18 P to Kt	Q to her 3
6 Castles (a)	P to Q 3 (b)	19 Q to K Kt P	B to K 3
7 P to Q 4	P to K 3	20 Q to Kt (ch)	K to Q B 2
8 Q to her Kt 3	P to K B 3	21 Q to K R P (ch)	B to Q 2 (f)
9 P to K 5	P to K P	22 B to K	Q to K P
10 R to K	K to K 2	23 B to Q Kt 5 (dis ch)	K to K 3
11 Q B to K Kt 5	Q to Kt 3	24 K to Q B 3	B to Kt (g)
12 Q B to K Kt	Kt to B	25 R to Q Kt	R to Q
13 Kt to K P	Q to her Kt 3 (d)	26 B to Q R 6 (dis ch)	K to R 4

(a) In one of the three games played simultaneously with the present, White adopted the same opening, and moved, at this stage, P to Q 4. In order to vary the positions as much as lay in his power, he, in this instance, preferred the less orthodox move of 6, Castles.

(b) Evidently best, as it prevents the loss of a piece.

(c) The only move, as an examination of the position will satisfy the reader.

(d) Had he captured the Bishop, White would have checked at K 4, regaining the piece, and preserving an advantage in Pawns amply sufficient to insure the winning of the game.

(e) Play as Black may, White must win.

GAME CXXX.—(MURDO GAMBIT.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Morphy.	Mr. Evans.	Mr. Morphy.	Mr. Evans.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	15 Q to K 6	P to Q 4
2 P to K B 4	P to K 3	16 B to K 6	Q to her 5 (ch)
3 Kt to K B 3	P to Kt 4	17 K to R	Q to B 3
4 K B to Q B 4	P to Kt 5	18 Q to B	Kt to Kt 3
5 Castles	P to Kt 4	19 Kt to K Kt 5	Q B to K B 4
6 Q to K 5	Q to K B 3	20 Q to Kt 7	R to K B
7 P to K 5	Q to K 3	21 Kt to K 6 (ch)	B to Kt
8 P to Q 3	B to K R 3	22 R to Kt (ch)	Kt to R
9 Kt to Q B 3 (a)	Kt to Q B 3	23 Q to Kt 5	Kt to Q 2
10 Q B to K 5 (b)	Q to B	24 Q to Kt	Kt to K 4 (c)
11 Q to K R 5	Q to Kt 4	25 Q to K R	Kt to Kt 5
12 Q to K R (ch)	Kt to K 2	26 Q to K P (ch)	Kt to Q 3
13 Q to K B P (ch)	Kt to K 2	27 Q to K Kt 6	Kt to K 4
14 Kt to K 4	Q to Kt 2	28 Q to Kt 3	and wins.

(a) Up to this point the moves are all "book." White here advisedly deviates from the beaten track.

(b) This, as White remarked at the conclusion, was hardly advisable, and would surely not have been ventured in an off-hand game over the board. It is sacrificing too much to avoid a stereotyped game.

(c) It is extremely difficult to decide what move of Black's is the coup just at this point. P to K R 4 would probably be better than the move in the text.

This extraordinary feat, combined with the gifted powers and exquisite skill of the hitherto invincible Paul Morphy, surpasses even anything of the kind ever undertaken (Respects to the great Master and Founder of Modern Chess) by the immortal Philidor in his palatial days.—CHIEF ED. OF FRANK LESLIE'S.

Game between Messrs. P. MORPHY and L. PAULSEN, played at the late Chess Tournament. Time, 10 hours and 7 minutes. (CIGLIANI OPENING.)

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Morphy.	Mr. Paulsen.	Mr. Morphy.	Mr. Paulsen.
1 P to e 4	P to e 4	33 B to K B 3	P to Q 4
2 Kt to K B 3	P to K 3	34 R to Q B 6	R to Q 2
3 P to Q 4	P to K 3	35 B to K Kt 4	R to K R 3
4 Kt to P	B to Q B 4	36 R to K 2	K to K 2
5 B to K 3	Q to Kt 3	37 K to R 2	K to B 2
6 Kt to Q Kt 5	Kt to K B 4	38 P to K Kt 3	P to Kt (ch)
7 B to B 3	Q to K 3	39 K to P	R to K 2
8 Kt to Q 6 (ch)	K to K 2	40 P to K R 4	Kt to K
9 Kt to B 3 (ch)	R to Kt	41 P to K R 5	Kt to K B 3
10 B to Q 3	P to Q B 3	42 K R to K P	R to R
11 Castles	P to K R 4	43 B to Kt	Kt to Kt 2
12 Kt to Q 2	P to K R 5	44 B to Kt 4	Kt to P (ch)
13 P to K R 3	R to Kt 4	45 B to Kt	R to B
14 P to Q R 3	R to Kt 4	46 R to K 7 (ch)	K to B 3
15 P to Q Kt 4	Q to Kt 3	47 Kt to P	K to K 4
16 Kt to Q B 4	Q to Q B 2	48 R to P	R to K 4 (ch)
17 P to K B 3	Kt to K 4	49 K to B 3	R to B 4 (ch)
18 Kt to Kt	Q to Kt	50 K to K 2	P to Kt 4
19 Q to Q 2	R to K Kt 2	51 P to P	R to B 5
20 Q to Q	Q to Q	52 P to B 3	P to Q 5
21 Q to K B 2	P to Q Kt 5	53 P to B 4	R to B 5
22 P to K B 4	P to P	54 P to B 5	R to B 7 (ch)
23 Q to Kt P 5	Q to Kt 4	55 K to Q 3	R to B 6 (ch)
24 R to K B 2	Q to Q	56 K to B 2	R to R 7 (ch)
25 R to Q 2	R to Kt	57 K to Kt 3	R to B 6 (ch)
26 P to K 5	Kt to Q 4	58 K to R 4	K to Q 4
27 P to Q 4	Kt to Q 4	59 R to Q 6 (ch)	K to B 6
28 P to Q 4	Kt to Q 4	60 P to B 6	R to R 8
29 R to Q 4 (ch)	Kt to P	61 R to P (ch)	K to R
30 R to Q 4	Kt to Q 4	62 P to B 7	R to K R
31 P to Q R 4	Kt to Q 4	63 P to K 6	K to B 5
32 B to K 4	Kt to Q B 2	64 P to Kt 7	Black resigns.

SECTION TO PROBLEM CXX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to Q 2 (ch)	
2 Q to K 3 (ch)	
3 R to Q 3	

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

READING ONE'S OWN OBITUARY.—In the days of old Mycall, the publisher of the Newport (Mass.) Herald (a journal still alive and flourishing), the sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last he one day told Mycall that he would certainly "hand over" the next morning as sure as he lived. "If you don't get your money to-morrow you may be sure I am dead," said he.

The morrow came and passed, but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after, he opened his paper, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored—he was not punctual in paying the printer.

Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office to deny that he was dead.

"Why, sheriff!" exclaimed the facetious editor, "I thought you were defunct!"

"Defunct!" exclaimed the sheriff. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Oh, you yourself!" said Mycall. "Did you not tell me—"

"Oh, I! I see!" stammered out the sheriff. "Well, there's your money!"

And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please."

"That's not necessary, friend Bagley," said the old joker; "it was only printed in your copy!"

The good sheriff lived many years after this "sell," and to the day of his real death always took care to pay the printer!

THERE is a man in Massachusetts so straightened in his circumstances that he is obliged to get his waistcoats made at a lunatic asylum. There is another who has lived so long in the State of Ohio that he can't pay anybody.

Jonathan Briggs, of New York, has a memory so long that he is obliged to tie it in a knot to carry it about with him.

There is a publican in New York so remarkably stout that he retails his shadow at sixpence a pot.

LALLA ROOKE.—The following lines were circulated at the clubs on the publication of Moore's great poem:

Lalla Rookh
Is a book
By Thomas Moore,
Who has written four,
Each warmer
Than the former,
So the most recent
Is the least decent.

ROYAL PROOF OF COURAGE.—When Charles V. read upon the tomb of a Spanish nobleman, "Here lies one who never knew fear," he wittily replied, "Then he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

THE INCONSTANT.

By Sir Robert Ayton, who flourished 1570—1638.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee,
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee.

But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thou such an untruth in thy sweets,
Thy favors are but like the wind,
That kisses everything it meets.

And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kissed by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwell;

But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate are long will thee betide,
When thou hast banded been awhile,
Like a rose leaves to be thrown aside;
And I will sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hast brought thee to be loved by none.

DR. BELLAMY.—New England used to be full of traditions of the old sayings of Dr. Bellamy, one of the most powerful theologians and preachers of his time. One or two of his sayings circulated about us in our childhood. For example, when one had built a fire of green wood, he exclaimed,

"Warm me here? I'd as soon try to warm me by the starlight on the north side of a tombstone!"

Speaking of the chapel bell on Yale College, he said,

"It is about as good a bell as a far cap with a sheep's tail in it!"

A young minister, who had made himself conspicuous for a severe and denunciatory style of preaching, came to him one day to inquire why he did not have more success?

"Why, man," said the doctor, "can't you take a lesson of the fishermen? How do you go to work if you want to catch a trout? You get a little hook and a fine line; you bait it carefully, and throw it in as gently as possible; and then you sit and wait, and humor your fish till you can get him ashore. Now then, you get a great cod-hook and rope line, and thrash it into the water, and bawl out, 'Bite, or be damned!'"

The doctor himself gained such a reputation as an expert spiritual fisherman, that some of his parishioners, like experienced old trout, played sly of his hook, though never so skillfully baited.

"Why, Mr. A.," said he to an old farmer in his neighborhood, "they tell me you are an atheist. Don't you believe in the being of a God?"

"No," said the man.

"But, Mr. A., let's look into this. You believe that the world around us exists from some cause?"

"No, I don't!"

"Well, then, at any rate, you believe in your own existence?"

"No, I don't!"

"What! not believe that you exist yourself?"

"I tell you what, doctor," said the man, "I ain't going to be twitched up by any of your syllogisms, and so I tell you I don't believe anything—and I am not going to believe anything!"

THE HOURS.

The hours are viewless angels,
And still go gliding by,
And bear each moment's records up
To Him who sits on high.

The poison or the nectar
The heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some fly by on pinions
Of gorgeous gold and blue,
And some fly on with drooping wing
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute
That God to us hath given,
The deeds are known before his throne—
The tale is told in heaven.

And we who talk among them,
As one by one departs,
Think not that they are hovering
For ever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
This mission flight, by day and night,
No magic power can stay!

So teach me, heavenly Father!
To spend each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison flower.

AN extravagant young gentleman having for a few days sported a pair of beautiful gray horses, asked a friend of his who happened to be of a serious cast, what he thought of his grays. "Why, I confess, Ned," replied the other, "they look extremely well; but take my word for it, your grays will soon be converted into duns."

F

The Monarch of the Monthlies!

FOR APRIL 1858.

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